



THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1856

NOVEMBER 30, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

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London: HENRY FROWDE, Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is filled with indignation because the Vicar of Basingstoke has written to the Mayor of the borough discouraging his proposed official attendance at church, because he has heard that the Mayor intends, on a subsequent Sunday, to visit one of the Nonconformist chapels. "One could understand the cult of 'undenominationalism,'" says the *Pall Mall*, "if there were many Anglican clergymen like the Vicar of Basingstoke." Let the *Pall Mall* rejoice; it is in a position to begin forthwith understanding the cult of "undenominationalism." We can assure our contemporary that there are, fortunately, a great many Anglican clergymen (we hope we may say a majority) exactly like the Vicar of Basingstoke in this respect: that they strongly and emphatically object to any action on the part of a public functionary which may have the effect of giving official countenance to the theory that the Church of England is only one out of a large body of similar "churches." The Church of England is still the established church of this country, and if the intelligence of the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette* does not enable it to understand that the Vicar of Basingstoke, in acting as he has done, is only doing his bare duty we almost despair of making it plain to that intelligence.

But perhaps we may try the method adopted by teachers with very young or very simple people: the method of analogy. Let the *Pall Mall Gazette* suppose that a company of amiable citizens, say, half a dozen stockbrokers, a few journalists, a doctor or two, and a retired Indian judge form themselves into a club. Now, if these excellent persons from time to time elected to their body other stockbrokers, doctors, journalists, and retired Indian judges until in course of time they formed a large community, who in return for certain undertakings, and in consideration of conforming to the rules of that community, were entitled to all the privileges and amenities of that community or club; and if certain doctors, stockbrokers, and retired Indian judges revolted against certain rules of that club, and insisted, in spite of the aforesaid rules and regulations, upon having their dinner served in the smoking room, and in sleeping on the billiard table, and if in consequence of these acts they were requested to leave the club, or left it voluntarily, and started another club under whose rules it became not only lawful and justifiable, but positively requisite and necessary to dine

in the smoking-room and sleep on the billiard table—would the *Pall Mall Gazette* be astonished and indignant if the members of the original club repudiated the members of the seceding club and disliked them, and strongly objected to being classed in the same category? And would the *Pall Mall Gazette* feel the same indignation if, supposing that a distinguished member of the middle classes, say an ex-criminal lawyer who had become the editor of a penny paper, had proposed to visit the original club, the committee of the club declined to allow him to do so when they ascertained that he also proposed to visit the other club? And would a gentleman write to the *Pall Mall Gazette* and sign himself "Amazed," and another gentleman write and sign himself "Spectemur Agendo"? We wonder. We referred last week to the *Pall Mall Gazette* as "our guileless contemporary," but really it seems this week to exhibit innocence which one might almost characterise as pre-simian. The two letters which it publishes in its issue of November 27th under the heading of "The Egregious Vicar" over the two signatures which we have cited are obviously written by two wicked members of the High Church party, who are indulging in the gentle pastime of "pulling the leg" of our esteemed contemporary.

After signing the petition against the retention of the Censorship, most of the signatories have hastened to explain that they have really no personal feeling against Mr. Redford, and that he is an admirable man for the post. Mr. W. L. Courtney was the first to explain himself away in the *Daily Telegraph*, and was full of compliments for that incompetent official. After the production of *Waste* the critics have vied with each other in testimonials to the wisdom of Mr. Redford, who has also been crowned by the theatrical managers. The attack, of course, should have been directed entirely against Mr. Redford himself in the first instance. An intelligent Censor would not have made himself objectionable to cultivated members of the public and cultivated dramatists. Mr. Redford has proved himself to be incompetent both to plays he prohibited and the plays he has passed.

What qualification did he ever have for the post? In "Who's Who," we find: "Redford, George Alexander; Examiner of Plays. Address: Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James's Palace, S.W." Most officials, even the Poet Laureate, have some record, some achievement to their credit. We can only learn that his relationship to the late Mr. Pigott was regarded as sufficient. It is hardly fair, however, to judge a man from "Who's Who," and in the pages of *M.A.P.* for November 2nd we are told: "He enjoys himself in Edinburgh, or at his cosy 'up the river' residence at Bourne End, oblivious to the wild outcry at his gates. . . . Mr. Redford was in a bank." And again: "The Censor's busiest times are before Easter and Whitsuntide, for in the spring the writer's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of plays. Mrs. Redford is a most popular hostess, a clever linguist, thoroughly artistic, and a constant visitor to the Wallace collection."

But of her husband we are only told that: "One of the rights of the Censor of Drama, secured for him by Act of Parliament, is that of claiming a free seat at any theatre and at any performance he may choose, a privilege of which Mr. Redford frequently avails himself when in London." Truly a brilliant record. Was Mr. J. T. Grein aware of these important facts in Mr. Redford's career when he dared to suggest a Court of Dramatic Appeal, consisting of Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. William Archer, and Mr. Carl Hentschel? Meanwhile, theatre managers may rest

quiet: nothing will be done. And the Stage Society ought to enjoy the benefit by a great acquisition of members. What would happen to it if theatre managers became intelligent?

The New Quarterly is not a very distinctive title for a new publication which appears this month under the editorship of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy. We hope that its contents will prove more significant than its name. The list of contributors to its first number contains names well known in their special fields, such as Lord Rayleigh, and the Hon. Bertram Russell. We omit here any consideration of the contributions of these two authors in order to draw attention to two of more general interest. Mr. Max Beerbohm contributes a short essay in his most polished manner on "The Fire," primarily as it burns for our pleasure, a caged lion, in the grate, and more largely as the special element of purification and exaltation. It is a fascinating subject, on which Mr. Max Beerbohm comments with truth and subtlety. He is particularly suggestive when he points out that "As much fire as would be tantamount to a handful of earth or a tumblerful of water is yet a joy to the eyes, and a lively suggestion of grandeur. The other elements, even as presented in huge samples, impress us as less august than fire." The most prosaic like to muse gazing at the fire when they are not cold, lovers of the sea find little suggestiveness in the sight of a glass of water when they are not thirsty. We doubt whether the aerial-minded are affected by air at all, except through their earth or fire sensibilities.

Again in their spiritual sense Mr. Max Beerbohm notices the difference in the significance of the elements. "When we call a thing earthy we impute cloddishness; by 'watery' we imply insipidness; 'airy' means trivial; 'fiery' has always a noble significance, denoting such things as faith, courage, genius." If we had space we would quote much more, but we commend the essay especially to those who have the fire instinct, and generally to all instinct with the other elements, who like to think. The first will inquire whether they do not love the sea because its waves roar and curl like flames, the earth because it is a formation of heat, and fire is the life which enables it to manifest its beauty, and the air most when by its warmth or its freshness it has upon them the direct or indirect effect of fire.

Mr. Sturge Moore is the author of the other essay to which we refer. Mr. Sturge Moore is a writer of very unequal merit. He succeeds and fails in slabs; one unity of his work is wholly admirable, and another wholly unworthy of him. He should keep a critic-imp in a bottle, which he should uncork at night, and release, with full power to deal with the manuscript which he has written by day. His work should be refined by fire, until the dross which disappoints his admirers has been consumed. We seize this opportunity of criticising Mr. Sturge Moore generally, because the present essay is pure metal, fire-proof, the sort of work that his admirers expect from him. We do not find much interest in English appreciation of Charles Baudelaire; we have read nothing approaching Mr. Sturge Moore's. It is occasioned by the recent publication of two books, "Charles Baudelaire, étude biographique d'Eugène Crépet," and "Charles Baudelaire Lettres, 1841-1866," but it is much more than a mere notice of these.

On page 4 of our contemporary the *Pall Mall Gazette's* issue for November the 28th we find a column headed "*Pall Mall Gazette Special Column.*" An article follows under the title "Maxims about

Paris or Paris Maxims." The first sentence runs: "You remember the celebrated Beefeater song and 'patter' of the regretted Dan Leno. 'Standing with our backs to the refreshment-room——' he used to say. 'Standing with our backs to Maxim's what do we see?' We spare our readers, and need only tell them that if they finished the column they would find exactly what we expect to find in a special article in our contemporary's pages; in fact, a column written with the same taste and judgment as a review printed side by side with it, "Precious Nonsense." As we read further we find that the first column is not intended for an article at all, but is a skilfully-written advertisement of Maxim's. There is nothing to indicate that the column is merely advertisement, except "*Pall Mall Gazette Special Column,*" which might mean anything. The type is slightly different from the Review column next it, but that, again, differs from the third, City Notes. Are either of these advertisements also? It is time that the custom of labelling advertisements plainly should be universally revived, especially in cases when the style in which they are written so closely resembles that of the ordinary text.

Can nothing be done? THE ACADEMY holds no especial brief for Mr. Bernard Shaw; on the contrary we are of opinion that most of Mr. Shaw's intellectual positions are quite indefensible. But everyone (not being a *crétin* or a Carmelite) is aware that Mr. Shaw holds a very definite and a very high position, that his work is to be criticised, severely it may be, but always with seriousness, and always with the respect due to a thinker. And yet one has to read this sort of stuff in the *Daily Mail*:

The more one sees of Mr. Shaw's plays, ancient or modern, the more one wishes that he would indulge his by no means insignificant business instincts to the extent of collaborating with some past-master of stagecraft—say, for example, Mr. Seymour Hicks.

Now, this—and there is much more in the same kind—is sheer and undiluted impertinence, and one is only astonished that the person who has uttered this impudent balderdash has been unwise enough to put his initials—K. H.—to his "criticism." One does not wish to enquire too curiously into the identity veiled or unveiled by these initials; one is merely warned that anything above this signature is not worthy of a moment's serious consideration.

The whole article is indeed of a quite amazing ineptitude. "We all hate the name of Julius Cæsar," says "K. H.," "not because he was at all difficult to translate, but because he was so dull a writer." He not only "criticises" Mr. Shaw, this gentleman, but he has a word to say about the classic authors—whom, one may say with some confidence, he has not read deeply. Furthermore, he has views on the question of anachronism—this quite wonderful K. H. He is annoyed because Britannus typifies "English Puritanism of a decade ago." And again K. H. is sad because Cæsar refers "to that burnt-out effigy, the 'New Woman'"—Cæsar, by the way, makes no such reference. One wonders whether this critic has ever read Shakespeare; whether his soul has been grieved by Hamlet's wish to go to a university which did not come into existence for some seven hundred years after the death of Amleth; whether he has wept over the cannon salutes which accompanied the drinking of toasts in Denmark—five hundred years before cannon or gunpowder was heard of. Finally, we learn that "*Cæsar and Cleopatra* is 'twaddle.'" It is a relief after this to turn to the advertisements of the quack medicines—they are more veracious and more respectable. And one can only condole with Mr. Forbes Robertson on the concluding paragraph of praise. A man of genius has no more mortifying experience than the laudation of the—K. H.

IN PRAISE OF YOUTH

O delicate Youth, thy praises shall be sung
While yet my heart is young
While Life and I, in search of lovely things,
Go out with dancing feet and dreaming eyes,
And find wild Folly, with her rainbow wings,
Sweeter than all the wisdom of the wise.

O delicate Youth, thy praises shall be sung
While yet my heart is young
Thy whiteness, and thy brightness, and the sweet
Flushed softness of thy little restless feet
The tossed and sunny tangle of thy hair,
Thy swiftness, slimness, shyness, simpleness,
That set the old folk sighing for that rare
Red rose of Joy they careless days possess.

. . . And when at last, with sad, indifferent face,
I walk in narrow pathways patiently;
Forgetful of thy beauty, and thy truth,
Thy ringing laughter, thy rebellious grace
When fair Love turns his face away from me
Then, let me die, O delicate sweet Youth!

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

WINCHELSEA

She dreams amid her idle towers
An Ariadne, worn and grey,
Whose changeful lover was the sea,
That glitters o'er a mile away.

Her age-long sleep is filled with dreams
Of ancient captains, vanished fleets,
That cast their anchors 'neath her cliffs
And laughed and clamoured in her streets.

Still in her slumberous ear there rings,
Above the droning of the surge,
The clash of arms, the wild affray,
The triumph song, the funeral dirge.

The life and colour of a day,
When she, the proud Queen of the south,
Sat throned beside her lord the sea,
And felt his kisses smite her mouth.

The rolling years her glory dimmed,
Fickle, her lover stole away,
Nor could one wile of hers avail
To turn his course or bid him stay.

And now where once the sea bird poised,
Wide-winged above the salty blue,
The eager skylark springs aloft
From grassy levels pearly with dew.

And Time and Sleep, with gentle hands,
Have healed the wounds of grief and scorn,
And lapped her storm-tossed heart in peace,
Too deep to break, too sweet to mourn.

E. D. FARRAR.

LITERATURE

HOMER SELF-INTERPRETED

Life in the Homeric Age. By THOMAS D. SEYMOUR HILLHOUSE, Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Yale University. (Macmillan, 1907, 17s. net.)

PROFESSOR SEYMOUR tells us that his point of view is philological, not archæological. From the poet's language he has attempted to discover what was before the poet's mind. The book does not aim at any rivalry with works like Ridgeway's admirable "Early Age of Greece," to which it is rather a complement. It consists of an introduction of fifty pages and nineteen chapters, running to nearly 700 pp., and it contains copious illustrations. It is in one respect very American. It is based almost altogether on German *Arbeits*, as will be seen by glancing over a formidable list of about a hundred names, which he labels "Brief Bibliography." But it is written in a lighter and more readable style than usually characterises the writings of American professors, who seem to think that grace of style or play of fancy spells shallowness, holding it (with Hamlet and the "statists" of his youth) "a baseness to write fair." Professor Seymour is often very happy, especially in his illustrations. We specially caution our readers not to neglect the footnotes, which are full of curious learning. We would especially commend to them as really interesting, while very instructive, the chapters:—IV. On Women and the Family; V. Dress and Decoration; VI. House and Furniture; VII. Homeric Food; XII. Agriculture, Plants and Trees. In Chapter XIX., on Homeric armour, he has mainly followed Reichel. Before going more into details, we must clear the ground by a few quotations from the introduction. He thinks the relations between the life depicted in the Homeric poems and that which is indicated by the Mycenæan remains are much closer than they were supposed to be a quarter of a century ago. Of certain very modern theories he writes thus:

To say that Agamemnon was originally a local Spartan deity does not cast even a single ray of light on the problem. . . . However important or interesting such inquiries may be, until the results are finally determined they do not affect seriously a handbook of Homeric antiquities.

He protests against the inferences *ex silentio*, and refuses to admit that writing, coined money, cavalry, devices on shields were unknown to Homer because there are no specific allusions to them in the poems, while he admits that the poet may have somewhat idealised and magnified the life of his own age in describing the circumstances of persons whom he portrayed. He finds very many points of similarity in the Israel of the Old Testament (see English index, under "Old Testament").

In Chapter III., on the Homeric State, we think he misinterprets a passage in Il. XVIII., 500, describing the scene in court portrayed on the shield of Achilles. One of the litigants promises to pay in full the blood money for the kinsman of the plaintiff slain by him; the other refuses to accept any. By translating "declares that he has received nothing," Professor Seymour involves himself in avoidable difficulties. In Chapter IV. he gives eight types of Homeric women: Helen, Andromache, Penelope, Hecuba, Arete, Nausicaa, Clytæmnestra, and Euryclea. On these he brings out some very interesting points. For instance, no one ever inveighs against Helen save Achilles, who calls her "horrible" in XIX., 325, while she herself is loud and frequent in her self-condemnation. Neither she nor any other of Homer's heroines is ever described as to her person save in the most general terms, except Nausicaa, whom we may infer to have been divinely tall, seeing that she

is compared to a young palm tree. In Hecuba it seems to us that he has missed a most characteristic touch. It is where she is keening over the dead Hector (Il. XXIV., 748 ff.), and tells how Achilles dragged his corpse round the tomb of Patroclus, "whom thou, my son, slewest; yet, for all that he could not bring back his friend to life." The sudden apostrophe of her dead son and the exultation over the death of Patroclus are very true to the nature of the savage old queen, who wished that she had in her hands the liver of Achilles, to cling to it and devour it. Homer, he notices, does not represent Clytemnestra either as killing Agamemnon or as being killed by Orestes, and countenances the story of her suicide through shame on the return of her son. There should have been a ninth type in Althaea. It is true she appears only episodically, but she is very finely depicted (Il. IX., 566 ff.), a terrible woman:

She cursed her son bitterly for that he had slain her brother in battle, and she smote sore the bounteous earth with her hands, kneeling on her knees, and her bosom was wet with her tears, while she called on Hades and dread Persephone to bring death on her son; and the Fury that walketh in Darkness, the Fury with the merciless heart, heard her from Erebus.

Professor Seymour makes many interesting comments which show with what wonderful care he has read the poems. Only once in Homer do we read of a fire in a bedroom, and that is in the room of Nausicaa (Od. VI.). The largest specified dowry given for a bride is that which Iphidamas (Il. XI., 244) gives for the hand of his aunt—one hundred kine down and the promise of a thousand sheep and goats. Kissing is not mentioned often in the poems, and the kiss is never on the lips (except, possibly, when Hector kisses the infant Astyanax in Il. VI.). It is generally a suppliant who kisses the knees of his vanquisher or of one to whom a petition is addressed, or when a toil-worn wanderer kisses the land to which he is restored. Penelope kisses the head and eyes of Telemachus, but not his lips.

In Chapter V., on dress and decoration, Professor Seymour points out that the bosom (κόλπος) of the *peplos* was used as a pocket. So *sinus* in Latin, as in Propertius:

Semper amatorum ponderat illa sinus.

It is strange that in investigating the uses of *κρήδεμνον* which seems to have been a kind of mantilla, he does not advert to the fact that the sea-goddess, Ino, lends hers as a sort of lifebuoy to Odysseus to save him from drowning. Few perhaps know that "safety-pins" are as old as Homer; the end of the pin went into a shield or sheath, which was called "a lock."

We do not think *δῖος* means more than "goodly," not "godlike, divine"; and *ὀδυσοάμενος* could not mean "hated," as in note on p. 140. It means, "with a grudge against" (Od. XIX., 407).

It is needless to say that we have not even pointed to one-tenth of the treasures of this very learned and extremely readable book, which we heartily recommend both to scholars and to the general reader.

R. T. TYRRELL.

THE MATTER OF ROMANCE

The Arthur of the English Poets. By HOWARD MAYNADIER. (Archibald Constable and Co., 6s. net.)

So much has been written recently in *THE ACADEMY* about the Arthurian Legend, that it would be wearisome to enter into a detailed discussion of the many interesting points raised by Professor Maynadier in the course of his study of the great romances of the Round Table. It may be said, however, that for literary students—as distinct from specialists—who wish to gain a good general view of the rise and

flourishing of the Legend the book will be most useful. The writer is evidently ignorant of the valuable assistance rendered by the Welsh Hagiology in estimating the various elements which went to the formation of the wonderful story of the Graal; he makes the mistake of quoting Professor Rhys's nonsense about "Sun Gods" with some appearance of respect; but, with these deductions, the earlier pages of "The Arthur of the English Poets" gives, as we have said, an excellent account of the growth of the great romance cycle that has Arthur as its central figure. There is curious reading, too, in the latter portion of the book, which deals with the fate of the legend in the dark ages of the eighteenth century; and the chapter on Tennyson's treatment of Malory is interesting enough, though it is always melancholy to be reminded how a great poet missed a great opportunity. One sighs as one reads that mighty fragment, the "Morte d'Arthur," thinking of what an epic the Laureate Poet might have given us; one groans over some of the later Idylls, in which the Mystic King is rapidly being transmuted into a variant of John Halifax, Gentleman, in which Vivien appears as an adventuress from town, disturbing the repose of a country vicarage. The opportunity was lost, the poet was conformed to the world, and it is hardly surprising to find that Lord Tennyson considered the Round Table as a symbol of "Liberal Institutions," which is as much as to say that the central flame of the Universe is in reality a symbol of "The Domestic" Gas Stove, hired, on liberal terms, from the Company. The pages, then, that treat of the Idylls are to be read in the way of warning; and so may increase the usefulness of an excellent book. One may pass over the phrases which demonstrate the selfish, unpractical nature of Galahad's character, his failure to rise to the heights of "Modern Christianity":

Nor can Galahad (says Prof. Maynadier) . . . be called other than fanatical. As he rides round the world singing, "I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven that often meet me here," he is either not normal and healthy or not honest. . . . Galahad shows himself after all only a knightly brother of the revivalists who manifest their religion nowadays with so much noisy emotion and so little sanity.

This is painful and foolish enough, but it is clear that Professor Maynadier has not heard the command: "Let the dead bury their dead; rise and follow Me." It is idle to attempt to steer a magic bark in faery seas by the assistance of the quadrant, a chronometer adjusted to the meridian of Greenwich, and the mariner's compass.

One point raised by Professor Maynadier deserves some discussion. It is apart from the special matter of the Arthurian legend, and concerns the whole question, so often debated, of the Celtic Spirit or Celtic Genius. Speaking of the tale of "Killhwch and Olwen," the author remarks:

It is not a tale to impress human imagination for centuries, like the legends of Lancelot, Perceval, and Tristram and Iseult, for it is after all best characterised by that adjective which Matthew Arnold applies to Celtic Art in general, "ineffectual." Celtic Art, he says, so long as it remained purely Celtic, has never profoundly impressed the world like Greek or Roman Art, or the best German, French, English, Spanish, and Italian Art. Now, it was because French Art was able to join reason and significance to the fantastic poetry of such Celtic tales as *Kilhwch and Olwen*, to give the old charming but "ineffectual" stories substantial meaning, that they have become effectual and permanent contributions to the literature of the world.

And here lies a matter of perennial interest to all lovers of literature. It is, perhaps, idle to insist on the term Celtic; for, as Mr. Yeats has confessed, the spirit that we often call Celtic is, in reality, the spirit that is common to many if not all primitive peoples. It would be difficult to express its qualities in a phrase; it is the spirit of enchantment, of ecstasy, of wonder, of adoration; it is the spirit which protests for ever against all modern materialistic theories; it is

the eternal witness, as some of us think, to the existence of that Avalon from which we have been driven, for which we long during the days of our banishment, *exules filii Hevæ*. The existence of the Brook by the way may be deduced from the thirst of the wayfarer; and so Paradise may be inferred by our longing for it. It is this longing, and the expression of this longing, which distinguish, in the last resort, Art from Artifice; without it a book, or a picture, or a statue is nothing but a more or less ingenious contrivance, with the excellence, perhaps, of a beehive or an ant hill, but no true work of art.

And here is the tragedy to which Matthew Arnold made allusion in the adjective "ineffectual." Take the "Morte d'Arthur" of Malory even; there the material which came from Celtdom—or, let us say, from a primitive race—had been worked over by many hands, both French and English, for more than two hundred years. And yet: compare Malory's book with the average "clever" modern novel; not with the dregs and drivel of the publishers' stock, which is, surely, the most offensively pretentious stuff that ever found expression in writing or print or articulate speech, but with the well-made, well-dressed, decently written story of these "educated" days. Well, of course, the modern book is nought, and worse than nought when compared with Malory; it is as the ingenuities of an amiable bee, or of an observant butterfly beside the "Morte"; and yet, how vastly the latter is excelled, in mere artifice, by the former. The modern writer "jines his flats," he has a story to tell, and he tells it in more or less logical order; the old romancer, not content with the wanderings of his heroes, must wander too; breaking off, turning from the track, indulging in episodes without end, returning to the high road of his story, only to stroll away from it again in the course of a few chapters. In a word: the spirit is undoubtedly present in the romance, but the body which the writer has provided is often deplorably ill-jointed and shapen in strange sort, and sometimes in no sort at all. And, nevertheless, we know that the old romance is a part of the lost paradise; while the new novel is just very entertaining reading. One may call this a tragedy of literature, that the perfect spirit—the one element which makes literature, which transmutes the lead of human things into the pure gold of art—has so often been manifested in very dim and imperfect vessels; while well-chased flagons hold but poor, thin liquor, small wines of a second growth, agreeable enough with one's dinner, but not apt to serve in the celebration of the Greater Dionysian Mysteries. Of course, there may be people who think the faults of the old tales are beauties, just as there may be persons who think that the bad drawing of early stained-glass and illuminated manuscripts is an added charm; but these are not tenable opinions. A glowing and glorious saint in his dyed robes is the less, not the more beautiful by the obvious dislocation of his neck; and so the wonderful old tale loses, not gains, by its awkward and rambling construction.

Here, then, is a great task for the writer who has the requisite vision, who is willing to be brave in his recounting of it. Let him think of this as his life's work, to tell the great dream truthfully, and yet to tell it coherently. The vision, of course, is above all things necessary; the chosen one must above all see the real things, he must be able to gaze on Paradise; and even if the especial gift have been vouchsafed him, he will have much ado to keep his eyes clear, to dispel, to dispel continually, the mists that rise from the rotten fens and dunghills of modern civilisation. He must purge his mind of cant; especially and principally of that noxious form of cant that caused Professor Maynard to pen these dolorous pages concerning the selfish, fanatical, and unhealthy nature of Sir Galahad,

which made poor Tennyson see in the marvellous imagery of the Round Table simply a pretty way of putting one's respect for the House of Commons, the County Council, and the School Board. The man who is to clothe the shining spirit with the perfect body must forget all this rubbish, he must forget that it exists, or the vision will be taken from him, as it was taken from the eyes of Tennyson; and Avalon, the isle beyond the glassy floods, will, perhaps, turn into a picture of modern society, or (worse still!) of "modern Christianity." Nay; he who is to write our great romance must himself be a knight-errant; he, too, must turn his back on the city, on the places where people sit by the cosy fires of social and convenient morality, and do business, and do each other, and deduce obvious moral lessons from everything, and pass Acts of Parliament, and make Religion a sort of shabby Moya de Parvenir; he must fare forth on the wild ways, by the dark wood, by the bare mountain heights, through fires and storms, over the billows of the great deep. In other words, he must be firmly and utterly convinced that man is here, not that he may be good-natured and kindly (so far as kindness and good-nature are consistent with business principles), but that he may be worthy of the Vision of the Most Blessed Cup of the Sangraal.

Now, this is no easy task. Our corruption is so profound that we have well-nigh lost the measure of all things; we have quite lost the measure of the highest things. Professor Maynard's view of Galahad as a selfish and fanatical revivalist is probably quite a representative opinion in these sorry and besotted days; or rather, let us say, it is the representative opinion of the natural, bestial man of all ages. Since man was man the Primæval Pig has dwelt in him, grunting out the Pig Gospel: that the end of all things is Wash, that the Pig whose trough is full is a good, pious, religious and perfect Pig, and that, since one must work for Wash, the Pig who is always "doing business" is highly to be revered. These dogmas, as we have said, are a portion of the early curse, of the doom that was laid on man when he lapsed from Paradise, when, according to William Law, the fluid and glorious universe became a grim and solid and brutal mass and fell upon "Adam," so that he was crushed beneath its weight. In every age the Bestial Evangel has been preached; Labour, which in the great Mythos of the Garden is denounced as a curse and a punishment, is proclaimed as a blessing, a pious exercise, a reward, in itself a heaven; and though the Christ denounced this vile heresy in no uncertain terms, though He stigmatised the saving of money and business forethought as wicked and senseless follies, though He placed before men the example of the lilies, though St. Paul declares that all actions of practical benevolence even are but dust and ashes if the secret fire, the divine ardours of Love are not present; still, in the Bright Ages there were doubtless many people who thought that the men called monks, who did nothing but pray and worship God, were useless idlers, that building cathedrals was a dreadful waste of money, and that the price of the incense at the Sacrifice would have been much better expended on "the poor"—that is, on themselves, on the hard-headed, practical men who usually keep the bag. If this were so—and it doubtless was so—in the Golden Ages of true faith and true reason and true art, what is now the depth to which we have fallen? Well, it may be said that we have almost reached the limit of utter confusion, of profound denial of all that is true, of firm asseveration of all that is false. The other day a bishop of the Catholic Church had the great opportunity of addressing certain of his flock, of confirming them, one might conjecture, in some dogma of the Faith, of unveiling to them some secret treasure of the Great Mysteries, of instructing

them in some of the transcendent morals of the Christian religion. One would have conjectured all awry; for Dr. Diggle talked about the Lusitania's "record," and hoped that the proud and swelling, though legitimate, feelings aroused by this great achievement would move the people of Liverpool to a more liberal support of the Seamen's Orphanage! And it would not be true to say that this virulent nonsense is peculiar to Anglicanism or Protestantism; it is not many months since Father Bernard Vaughan allowed himself to speculate as to the probable conduct of St. Paul if he had edited a daily paper, and as to the likelihood of his appointing St. Timothy as assistant-editor.

Well, it is of all this *cochonnerie* that the man who would write great romance must clear his mind; he must silence, and silence effectually, the gruntings and squealings of the foul creature who dwells within him; he must pay no heed to the voice of the body of death to which he is chained in the valley of this pilgrimage. Utterly must he dismiss from his soul the thought that "success" means anything, that a man who has made a great deal of money or earned a great deal of praise, is anything but a *prima facie* suspect; for the dogma of success is one of the chiefest articles in the great Creed of the Styx. It is to those who are able to cleanse themselves of these defilements that the Vision may be vouchsafed, in them the old dream of the Celts may be renewed, and with clearer eyes for the struggle that has been endured they may see the wonder of the world and the wonder of man—the "things that really are" of Plato.

"Darkness and the shadow of death" is a very familiar phrase to many people; and one wonders to how many of these people the slightest gleam of the true meaning of these words has been given. As a matter of fact, one conjectures that ninety-nine out of a hundred, asked to explain the phrase, would reply that a thief, a pickpocket, an adulterer, a murderer might be described as being in this condition. The reply would, very likely, be true—in a sense; in the sense in which scarlet fever might be defined as an appearance of spots, or a great statue as a block of limestone, or a great picture as a collection of coloured earths, combined with oil, and applied to wood or canvas. But, essentially, such a reply would be imbecile; it is highly probable that the people who have never broken a single commandment are in a deeper darkness, in a more profound shadow of mortality than the criminals whom they scorn, or hate, or pity. The shadow of death and darkness, in reality, describes well enough the utter error and confusion of all men, "good" and "bad" alike, their ignorance as to what they are, and why they are, and what their end should be. The baser sort reply that they are here to make money, the better sort that they are here to do good, or even to be good; who answers that he is here to enjoy happiness, that he may enjoy a more perfect happiness in the life of the world to come? The people whom "the good" and "the respectable" call wastrels, Bohemians, vagabonds, have a sort of dim vision of this truth; they realise that happiness is man's true end; their mistake is in a confusion as to the means. Still, with all their error, they are infinitely nearer to the truth than the Scribes and the Pharisees, than the "practical men," the apostles of "plain common-sense," the vermin who infest church and chapel and the very altar itself. And it was no doubt because of this clearer vision that the Christ loved those whom the world called disreputable, while He hated all the representatives of respectability.

The hero of the Great Romance must, therefore, set his face continually to Syon; his ardours must consume him ever; through the wild and waste lands he must still wander, seeking Corbenic and the Blessed Vision of the Sangraal. "Liberal institutions," "modern Christianity," "practical philanthropy"—all the Nine Hundred and Ninety-Nine Articles of the Great Pig

Philosophy have for ever vanished from his eyes. His are the delights that are almost unendurable, the wonders that are almost incredible—that are, indeed, quite incredible to the world; his the eternal joys that the deadly flesh cannot comprehend; his the secret that renews the earth, restoring Paradise, rolling the heavy stone of the material universe from the grave whence he arises.

Of such matters will the High History treat—that High Romance which is yet to be written.

ANTONIO ROSMINI

The Life of Antonio Rosmini-Serbatì. Translated from the Italian of the REV. G. B. PAGANI. (Routledge, 7s. 6d. net.)

IN the year 1907—and so near the close of it—one must hesitate to discuss Antonio Rosmini—the last of the Scholastics, the supporter of the temporal power, the devoted adherent of an organisation which treated him but ill, yet remained in his eyes the absolute, the infallible voice of truth in the world. Any mention of such a name, one might fear, must brand the writer as out-of-date, a "reactionary," a "Jesuit," and so forth. At any rate, to write in praise of Rosmini is to prove oneself no "Modernist"; and he is a bold man to-day who will avow his belief that a thing must be true or not true, that a fact is a fact and a faith a faith—that there is a something we call the truth which can be distinguished, and must be distinguished, from what is not the truth, and is therefore wholly or partly a lie.

To Rosmini, who must be admitted to have lived in the Dark Ages—he died fifty-two years ago—it was clear that there was one absolute, indivisible, eternal, immutable Truth, which remained unaffected (it sounds incredible, does it not?) by the stupendous March of the Intellect of Man. Man, oddly enough, in his opinion, was not the creator of truth; and what Man accomplished by the unprecedented, gigantic, irresistible Intellectual Advance, in which every decade believes itself to surpass all that went before it, was not the creation, the development (that is the word—*development*) of truth. It was no more, alas! than some pitiful little stumbling, groping, blundering towards a dim understanding of what was before Abraham and will be when man is man no more. The stupendous intellects have scratched a little at the surface of this great globe itself—this grain of dust spinning in a sun-beam—and have set up a mighty crowing at their discoveries. What language can be too strong for one of the most stupendous of them all, who, having scratched deeper than most, could so betray the Majesty of the Intellect of Man as to declare that, so far from increasing the stock of truth, the luckiest scratcher only discovered infinitesimal fragments of something which had always been there, and which, in its fulness, he was totally unable to comprehend? Himself a man of genius, poet, scientist, mathematician, philosopher, he gave way to that intellectual and moral humility which everyone knows now to be the most pernicious of vices; and he built up a great system of philosophy to prove that Truth is One and Eternal, and that the vast achievements of the human mind should be laid at the service of that part of Truth which Truth itself had chosen to reveal to the world. And throughout a life of much trouble, of many vexations, of crosses when he expected encouragement and opposition in quarters which should have been the first to welcome his work, he remained obedient in thought and action to what he believed—in no mere form of words—to be the voice of the eternal and absolute Truth on earth. His opponents attacked his works, and this champion of the Papacy saw his life's labours subjected to the examination of the Congregation of the Index. They

were acquitted of all the charges against them, and that, of course, without any special intervention by one of Rosmini's most fervent admirers, Pope Pius IX.; but had they not been, had they been placed on the Index and branded as heretical and untrue, it is hard to believe that Rosmini would have written letters to Protestant papers or considered himself worthy to be held a martyr for the truth. He knew that Truth has ways of working which transcend the efforts of any one human brain, however stupendous its operations.

One of the charges which his opponents brought against him was that of quietism, and at first sight there might seem to be some excuse for their mistake. There was at times a curious inactivity about Rosmini. A man of tremendous energy, whom his many undertakings as philosopher, politician, priest, and founder of an Order were often bringing into positions where prompt action seemed absolutely necessary, he had a strange way of doing nothing. He worked quietly at his books when the very existence of his Order was threatened: at the time when he had conceived a solution of the political difficulties of 1849, he showed no anxiety to lay it at the Pope's feet. When that extraordinary man, Father Lowenbruck, was trying to hasten him into the foundation of the Institute of Charity, he hung back, as if his heart's wish was a matter of small importance. The truth was that his faith was too strong for anxiety or fuss. He waited always for the definite moment of the call to action, a call without which he never moved. In this his attitude was only, so to speak, the moral side of his intellectual attitude. The coin was pure metal and the design was the same on both sides. Man, with his stupendous intellect and his stupendous moral force, was, after all, a small matter, a trifle, sometimes honoured by being made an instrument in the operation of the eternal truth and right, but never in and by himself able to do anything. And when we think of what Rosmini did, we cannot but smile at the fussy activity and insistent self-importance of people who will never do half as much.

We can heartily commend the translation of Father Pagani's curiously naive but devout and interesting life of the founder of that Order of which he is now Provincial in Italy. There was no lack of incident in the career of the Italian noble, who, being a saint from boyhood, became one of the greatest of the philosophers of the Church. How great a man he was can hardly be gathered, perhaps, from Father Pagani, who keeps his piety always in view rather than his philosophy or that political action which, but for the opposition of Antonelli, might, one cannot help thinking, have done much towards finding a way out of the troubles which finally drove Pius IX. from the Quirinal. But to regret his failure would have seemed to Rosmini a denial of his faith, and we will dwell no more on it. At one time he was all but made a Cardinal; it is pleasanter, somehow, to think of him as plain "Father Rosmini" to the end. And his story should be of especial interest to English readers; partly through the admiration for his philosophy and his Order displayed by Thomas Davidson, that "wandering scholar," whose biography has lately been written by Professor William Knight, and partly through the work among us of the Institute of Charity, who came to us at a time when we sorely needed them and sowed the seeds of a still flourishing harvest.

DR. FLINDERS PETRIE AS SOCIOLOGIST

Janus in Modern Life. By W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE. (Constable, 2s. 6d.)

THIS book, by the best known of Egyptologists, reminds us of the articles in a certain magazine which were said to be always written by men who were

experts on any subjects but those they were asked to write about. It has nothing to do with Dr. Flinders Petrie's special subject. The title contains no clue to what the book is about. It would hardly have occurred to anyone less subtle than the author to see any connection between the two-faced Latin god Janus and the topics here discussed. This is how Dr. Petrie explains the symbol:

Janus, who looked to the past and to the future, was the god whose temple stood always open during war, that he might bring peace upon earth. And in our day it is only the view of the past and the future which can warn us of evils to come, and save us from violence and confusion.

Even this does not explain whether we are to expect a disquisition on this, that, or the other aspect of modern life which may be the source of violence and confusion and evils to come. In fact, without making any more mystery of it, Dr. Petrie is brooding over the fashionable topic of the hour, the Janus of the present day, whose one face seems to be looking back as Individualism, and whose other face, as Socialism, seems to be looking towards the future. If this is not Janus, then Dr. Petrie himself may be meant by the symbolic figure. On the whole, this is perhaps what we are to understand; but Proteus would have been better, and we are grateful to Dr. Petrie for having anticipated that a reader might at the end of the book be in some doubt as to the conclusions to which he has been led. The following is his own description of his book:

The position of a partisan or an advocate has been avoided as far as possible. No doubt to many of the statements and deductions here, one party or another would cry Anathema. As a whole the results are more in accord with individualism than with collectivism, but an attempt is made to trace what are the limits of a collectivism that may not involve deleterious consequences.

Dr. Petrie has the cross-bench mind and takes the cross-bench attitude on all the questions of the day. But as in this small book of a hundred pages there is hardly enough room merely to state the social, political, and industrial problems on which he discourses, it is more abounding in dogmatic statement than in argument. He might have written a book on Egypt in this strain, and most of us who are aware that we know nothing of Egypt would have acknowledged his authority; but we have all "views" of some kind about the debatable question in this book. As long as Dr. Petrie's dogmatism agrees with our own dogmatism all is well; but when he suddenly dogmatizes differently from ourselves we sit up and ask: Why? Suppose we are a tariff reformer. We are pleased to find that Dr. Petrie allows this restraint on individualism. We are also pleased that he sees this is the true form of free trade. Our notion of taxation has been that direct taxation is oppressive, and that "the basis of taxation ought to be widened." Then Dr. Petrie shocks us by declaring that this is a highly immoral view of taxation, and that "the first necessity for the political health of a democracy is that the individual shall feel every tax." Many of us, too, will not be satisfied that he has "laid down the limits of a collectivism which will not involve deleterious consequences" when he allows the State to control the procreation of families. If there is one argument more popularly used against Socialism than another it is that it proposes radical changes, not only in economics, but in sexual and family relations. It is in startling contrast therefore to his thorough-going individualism in economics that Dr. Petrie should invoke State action in its most doubtful sphere. With a Board of Health in each area of about 10,000 inhabitants, composed of three examining doctors, to select some who should produce children and be rewarded with a premium, and others who "should be required to report residence during their lives to the Board of Health, and informed that if they had any children they must pay a heavy fine, or else go into servitude," we

get a pretty exaggerated form of Socialism. And this is after much impressive writing about the increase of officialdom and the danger to liberty under industrial Socialism!

But Dr. Petrie goes even further:

We might not exclude the thought of another favourite idea of some reformers which in a modified shape might be allowed to gradually take root. Since Spencer Wells familiarised the world with an operation for which he will always be remembered, hundreds of women have gladly improved their health by a safe treatment which, if anything, threatened to become fashionable. Every woman who was, as above, required to report her residence as being unfit, and being liable to heavy penalties in having children, should be offered the option of perfect freedom if she chose the operation. The marriage of such women with men who were considered as unfit would entirely free both parties from reporting and inspection in future, and give the best prospect of happy lives to the weakest and less capable of the community, free from what would be only too truly "encumbrances" to such people.

Whether all this is right or wrong, whether we are entitled to take any steps, however extreme, to prevent the growth of the unfit, is not the point here. What we are interested in is to note that an individualist, who is also "ferociously scientific," may cry out for the State as loudly as the industrial Socialist, who does not trouble about the finer issues of eugenics. Neo-Malthusianism has been a fad of individualists, but Dr. Petrie's "Spencer Wells" scheme combines a most unpleasant form of Neo-Malthusianism with a most drastic form of Socialism. Yet there is no doubt Dr. Petrie is right when he asserts that, if we will not leave the human refuse of bad stocks to exterminate themselves by their own follies, vices, and ignorance, and the State is to take up the burden of such wastrels, it must have an entire control of them. "Responsibility without rule is worse than rule without responsibility." But there is one matter which he strangely leaves untouched. The "line of progress," he says, is the remorseless scrapping of poorer machines, and we must not be surprised if a sign of human progress of mind and body should be the large number of inefficient who are thrown out of work on the scrap heap of society. Unfortunately, however, what "progress" throws on the scrap heap is an enormous amount of quite normal material, not wastrels, but good flesh and blood, and brain and character. It seems to be as important to prevent this as it is to eliminate the really bad stock; but Dr. Petrie makes no forecast of how this is to be done on the lines of future advance, as to which he prophecies very confidently. If this process is to go on without the discovery of a remedy, we should have little consolation in an elaborate system of "Spencer Wellsism." And we should be incredulous of that glowing picture of the future with which Dr. Petrie rivals the most imaginative of Socialist Utopias. This is to be realised by a cosmopolitanism which would not be attractive, even if one were to accept Dr. Petrie's prophecies. His ideal is the unrestrained competition, all over the world, of white man, black man, red man, yellow man. This is "the use of various nationalities according to their ability for different kinds of work in foreign countries." Does this idea belong to individualism or Socialism? Certainly not to Socialism more than to individualism. In Australia they are not less determined to keep out Japanese and Chinese than they are in America, and the alien horde is not really popular in England. So that, though there is much in Dr. Petrie's work which will be read appreciatively by many for its denunciations of present day facts and tendencies—say, about trade unions, which Dr. Petrie hates with whole-hearted hatred, or about modern education, which he scorns with good reason—there is a residuum about which every reader, whatever his views may be, will say: These may be Dr. Petrie's opinions, but they are not mine. Janus, indeed, is a clever double-headed professor, who treats rather amateurishly—that is to say, confidently and assertively—many subjects as to which we suspect that his knowledge is not very profound.

TRADITIONAL LITERATURE

A Short History of Indian Literature. ERNST HORRWITZ. With an introduction by PROFESSOR RHYS DAVIDS. (T. Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.)

Beowulf. Translated and edited by WENTWORTH HUYSHE. (Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.)

Kalevala, The Land of Heroes. Translated by W. S. KIRBY. (J. M. Dent, Everyman Library, 2 vols., 1s. each.)

WHEN books of the kind now before us are being multiplied day by day, the first steps towards a knowledge of world-literature are infinitely more easy than they were but a short time ago. Obscurity is rapidly losing credit as evidence of erudition, and the result should be a great accession of neophytes in the study of historic literature. We are not guilty of any cant in saying that among all the books of this century and the last there is very little literature, and still less that will rank as world-literature. And Mr. Horrwitz has done a real service by placing in the hand of the student a book which may open his eyes to the beauties of Indian tradition and literature. Our own experience is that the average of intelligent readers is alarmed at the outset by the very title of the Sanskrit classics, and hitherto there has been no handbook of such a form as to dispel that alarm. This "history" does not arouse it. The interest is awakened before the newness of the subject has time to strike home, and the untrained mind will be absorbed in the subject matter, while quite unconsciously assimilating just enough actual knowledge to create a desire for more. The system adopted is simplicity itself. The stories of the Vedas, the Mahābārata, the Rāmāyana, the Brāhmanas and Upanishads and the rest, are told in language that a child could understand, and are accompanied by a running philological commentary of an elementary kind especially devised to appeal to English ears, so that imperceptibly the lesson of the underlying racial connection between the old East and the modern West is driven home. The rest follows. No beginner will be content with this book, and by the time he has read it, he will be prepared for further study, though even if he should stop here he will still be acquainted with a world of beauty which was closed to him before. What is more, Indian history, and the flow of the Aryan tide will not be wholly unintelligible theories upon which it was not worth while to waste a thought.

From the Sanskrit classics to the only English epic is a far cry. But we can fairly put Mr. Huyshe's edition of "Beowulf" into the same category as Mr. Horrwitz's little history, for it appeals to very much the same type of reader, in much the same way. To call a book "popular" is held to be faint praise by some lofty souls, who have forgotten their own beginnings. But after all it is only big fish that will take a bare hook, and even to them a little bait does not come amiss. The bait in this instance consists of an introduction written in an easy and attractive style, and telling the story of the MS. of "Beowulf" in such a way as to bring out all its romance, not untouched by humour. An additional attraction lies in the illustrations of weapons, trappings, and the like, drawn for the most part from Danish examples, which give actuality to the story; and the full notes leave little unexplained of manner, dress, and meaning of obscure epithets. There is plenty of real erudition—the introduction, discussing the question of the unity and provenance of the poem, is an excellent piece of argument, and the explanation of phrases such as

waeg-sweord and *locenra beaga*, and the location of Hygelac's Burgh, are well worked out—but it is not obtrusive, and never swamps the literary interest. The prose translation is perhaps the least successful portion of the work. It is too exclamatory, and the division into headed sections seems an unnecessary interruption. The general effect is that of a somewhat breathless minstrel, using painfully long words in an effort to be impressive. The fight with the Dragon is not by any means so compelling as it should be, and indeed the whole translation rather suggests a "crib." But as an introduction to the epic, which should be as familiar to every Englishman as Homer was to the Greeks, it is a most useful book, and, used in conjunction with a good poetical translation (not in ballad form), should be of real value. An appendix contains an excellent account of English and foreign editions from the *Editio princeps* of Thorkelin. But we miss an index, which would be a great improvement to a second edition.

The "Kalevala" holds a less real interest than the "Beowulf," in that it can lay no claim to the title of an epic. It is no more than the stringing together of the Finnish folk-tales by Lönnrot, in 1835, with the idea of manufacturing out of a mass of disconnected stories something like a national epic. The seams in the structure are only too apparent, as was to be expected from the nature of the material. But if the failure be frankly acknowledged, the poems are interesting as a store-house of folk-lore of a kind which has been almost buried by the more finished literature of advanced civilisations. The book is an excellent addition to the Everyman Library, which well maintains its reputation for judicious selection.

THE STORY OF OXFORD

The Story of Oxford. By CECIL HEADLAM, illustrated by HERBERT RAILTON. (London: J. M. Dent and Co., 1907).

THE author of "The Story of Oxford," a recent addition to the "Mediæval Towns" series, is either no University man himself, or, if he be one, he writes for a public that are strangers to Oxford ways and phrases, else he could never have referred to undergraduates as "students," nor to the river as the "Isis." The Oxford man has no need to give the Thames a name. To him it is always *par excellence* "the river," only qualified as "upper" or "lower," according as the waters above the town or below it are indicated.

It was a happy inspiration that led Mr. Headlam to call Headington Hill the Fiesole of Oxford. The aim of the author has been, in his own words, "to illustrate the buildings of Oxford by her history and her history by her buildings." And though in treating the subject he does not widely differ from accepted chronology on most points, he nevertheless includes one or two *obiter dicta* which must infallibly revolutionise architectural history. According to him the tower of St. Michael's in the Cornmarket is post-Conquest Norman work, while the nave arcades of St. Frideswide's (now Christ Church Cathedral) belong to the time of King Æthelred. There is some confusion of thought in Mr. Headlam's reference, on page 19, to the watching gallery of the shrine of St. Frideswide. No one with even an elementary knowledge of ecclesiology would mistake the watching gallery for the shrine itself.

The date of the foundation of the University has been much discussed; but Mr. Headlam, rightly arguing that "one school or one lecturer does not make a university" proper, places its origin between the years 1167 and 1185. By the latter date there is ample proof

of the existence of *Studia Generalia* at Oxford. Another point of interest is the story of the Jews in mediæval Oxford: their extortionate dealings with necessitous scholars, their violent outrages upon Christian solemnities, and their eventual expulsion from the kingdom, in 1290. But it is surely too sweeping an assertion that "from the time of Edward to that of Cromwell no Jew touched English soil." The law, indeed, precluded them, but it is most improbable that during a period of four centuries not a single individual of the tenacious race of Israel would ever have managed to evade it.

A chapter is devoted to relating the part played by the University in the Reformation. As far as Oxford itself is concerned the reign of Edward VI. was distinguished only by spoliation and disaster. In other parts of the country, it is true, numerous grammar schools own him as founder. Yet it is a fact that the "Edwardian Commissioners proposed to abolish the grammar schools founded in connection with the colleges—a project abandoned solely on the urgent petition of the townspeople. No Oxford college owes its inception to Edward VI's reign; but under Catholic Mary two important colleges, Trinity and St. John's to wit, were founded, both in the same year, 1555.

Among its post-Reformation Chancellors Oxford is indebted particularly to two men of very different character—viz., to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and to Archbishop Laud. The former, by directing that one-third of the revenues of the colleges must be paid in the current value of corn, secured them against the subsequent depreciation in the purchasing power of gold and silver; while Laud codified and systematised the laws and customs of the University into the famous *Corpus Statutorum*. A bad misprint occurs on page 328. The date of Laud's burial in St. John's College Chapel was not, of course, 1530, but 1663. It is worth noticing that one of the most characteristic institutions of college life, the common room, dates from the year 1661. The illustrations comprise some excellent reproductions of portraits, although that of Bishop William of Wykeham, with its impossible vestments, is clearly not the work of a contemporary, but an unintelligent rendering by a later hand. No one in the days when the ancient pontifical robes were in use throughout the country could have so misinterpreted them. The picture of Queen Elizabeth, dated 1590, is an admirable, if not too flattering, portrait, as well as a valuable document of costume. Again, the picture of Charles I. is no hackneyed idealisation, but such that well portrays the refined and somewhat sour features of the unfortunate king.

For the rest, to those who know and love their Oxford, Mr. Railton's architectural vignettes must prove a disappointment. No doubt the drawings have suffered through excessive reduction; and some, like the "Magdalen Grammar Hall," from too heavy painting, while others like the "oriel windows, Queen's Lane" from the opposite defect. But apart from these accidents the artist's own wilful mannerisms, such as his excessively broken lines, the tangled skeins and encrustations which are his extraordinary method of representing foliage, and, lastly, the fanciful lettering, all tend rather to mystification than to the elucidating of the subject.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

The Privy Council under the Tudors. The Stanhope Essay, 1907. By LORD EUSTACE PERCY. (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell, 1907.)

THIS essay hardly calls for any lengthy review. It is well written, shows a knowledge of the materials used and manifests on the part of the author a certain power of dealing with a given theme which gives promise for

the future. All this we should expect from the winner of "The Stanhope Prize." On the other hand, as a piece of historical work, it is not very original, and makes no pretence of being the result of first hand research work. It is not uninteresting, and it is certainly instructive, to compare essays such as this with similar historical studies as they are produced in France or Germany.

The point of this volume is to show that from 1485 onwards the Tudors made use of the Privy Council as the main factor in carrying out their policy of government. England at the beginning of the reign of Henry VII. was in a state of exhaustion, although there are many facts which tend to show that there was more life in the country than would justify the expression, "state of utter prostration," used by Lord Eustace to describe it, and to redeem from a charge of "mere rhetoric" the expression: "The Tudors were called upon to guide their shattered vessel through the storms of a second deluge." Still, no doubt the times were perilous and anxious, and the means by which the Tudor sovereigns secured stability to the ship of State was government by and through their Privy Councils. This essay, then, in the words of the author, "has been designed to show that the administrative aspect of the Tudor Councils' activity is not only the most fascinating, but also by far the most important (fact), for it is only by a right estimate of the Councillors as administrators and organisers that we can arrive at a true understanding of their value as rulers and as judges."

Essai sur les Rapports de Pascal II. avec Philippe Ier (1099-1108). Par BERNARD MONOD. (Paris: H. Champion, editeur, 1907.)

THERE is a pathetic interest attaching to this essay. Bernard Monod, the author, a son of M. Gabriel Monod, was carried off by a premature death just after finishing his preparation, and by his brilliant successes giving every promise of worthily walking in the footsteps of his father. The end came to this youthful student a few days only after he had sent in this essay to the judges of the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, and Gabriel Monod has himself now edited the MS. in memory of his son.

The essay deals with the relations between France and the Papacy during the eleven years from 1099 to 1108. To say that the work is thorough and exact is only to say that it is an essay published under the auspices of the Ecole des Hautes Etudes; to turn over the pages and examine the references to authors and documents is sufficient to see for oneself the serious character and importance of the study. Between France and the Pope there never was that open and hostile conflict which existed between the Popes and the Emperors, although from the time of Gregory VII. the Papacy strove to assert its claim to authority over the administration of the Church in France. On the other hand the kings of France since Hugh Capet had been endowed, even by the clergy, with a quasi-divine mission in protecting and directing the affairs both of the secular clergy and of the monastic orders. The problem was how to admit the rights of the head of the Church without sacrificing those of the State. The bishops by long custom received from the Sovereign investiture of their temporalities as every other vassal from their overlords. But with this custom there grew up a practice of trafficking in ecclesiastical benefices and of interfering in the free choice of bishops and abbots, which the spiritual power could not tolerate. There was no question of doctrine, as the teaching of the Church on simony, and the marriage of the clergy had been accepted and, theoretically at least, had been in force in the Western world from the fourth century. The policy of Gregory VII. carried him far beyond the question of freedom of elections, or the acknowledg-

ment of the full spiritual supremacy of the Sovereign Pontiff. The ultimate and logical conclusion of the Pope at that time was a theocracy. To this claim there was in France, as well as in our own country, continued opposition, and M. Bernard Monod's essay shows how Philip I. was able to bring Pope Paschal II. to agree to a *modus vivendi* by which the rights of the Church were reconciled with those of the State.

Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt. (Heinemann, 15s. net.)
George Sand and her Lovers. By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. (Eveleigh Nash, 15s. net.)

WE seem to have had a superfluity of Sarah Bernhardt's memoirs during the past two years, and the keen edge must surely have been taken off the appetite of the most voracious gourmand, the greediest seeker after this particular form of literature. The present volume, which bears the sub-title "My Double Life," differs from the others mainly in as far as there runs through it a thread of mysticism; mysticism, however, of a somewhat theatrical kind, and hardly sufficient, in our opinion, to justify the description referred to. It is true that we get certain definite statements, such as, "It was from this moment that I was taken with an ardent love for mysticism," or, "I wanted to take the veil . . . my dream was to return to the convent"; but they do not impress the reader with a sense of reality. We get precisely the same touch in Mr. Gribble's account of George Sand, a work that deals almost exclusively with that side of her life which might well have been left alone. In one of the earlier chapters he mentions that George Sand in her youth "seems to have combined a passion for amateur acting with a desire to take the veil and pass her life in the exalted self-absorption of the mystic," and his explanation that "egoism may well be assumed to have been the psychological link" between the two passions is probably the correct one, and may be applied also to the phrase described by the author of the "Memoirs."

Father and Son; a Study of Two Temperaments. (Heinemann.)

THIS anonymous book is one of the most fascinating and interesting pieces of literature that has been issued of recent years. Were we not, in the preface to it, specifically informed that the narrative "in all its parts . . . is scrupulously true," we should have judged it to be fiction by a skilled hand, founded upon fact and personal experience, but either way, as unadulterated fact or unadulterated fiction, it is, as the author offers it to us, a *document* of the highest value, though, strangely enough, not so for the reason advanced by the writer, who claims that it is a "record of educational and religious conditions which, having passed away, will never return," "a diagnosis of a dying Puritanism." This stifling, joyless creed is neither dead nor dying; it is to-day a power in the land. Indeed, a prominent Puritan not long since urged upon us that it was the backbone of the nation, and was not a little annoyed when we retorted that, if so, "the nation was suffering from spinal disease." The Puritans we have always with us, and their creed, admirably summed up in the following quotation, is the same now as it was in the beginning:

It divides heart from heart. It sets up a vain, chimerical idea, in the barren pursuit of which all the tender, indulgent affection, all the genial play of life, all the exquisite pleasures and soft resignations of the body, all that enlarges and calms the soul, are exchanged for what is harsh and void and negative. It encourages a stern and ignorant spirit of condemnation; it throws altogether out of gear the healthy movements of the conscience; it invents virtues which are sterile and cruel; it invents sins which are no sins at all, but which darken the heaven of innocent joy with futile clouds of remorse. There is something horrible, if we will bring ourselves to face it, in the fanaticism that can do nothing with this pathetic and fugitive existence of ours, but treat it as if it were the uncomfortable ante-chamber to a palace which no one has explored and of the plan of which we know absolutely nothing.

The book is the story of the struggle between two temperaments, the father's and the son's. The father is a Plymouth brother of the sternest, strictest, blindest type; the mother, who dies while the son is yet a child, is equally fanatical. For example, to her every work of fiction is simply a lie. The father is a zoologist of high standing and considerable fame, not a little troubled for a time by the contradiction of Genesis by science. The mother bequeaths the son to her husband as one of the Lord's anointed, and as destined to devote his life to the propagation of extreme Puritanism; the remainder of the book is devoted to the mental autobiography of the son's boyhood and youth. All the characters are drawn with extreme skill, and the picture of the small group of Brethren in a little Devonshire village is pitiable in its accurate dissection of narrow bigotry and self-sufficient blindness. Is not this a perfect touch, this point concerning the father and his praying aloud over the son?

I cannot help thinking that he liked to hear himself speak to God in the presence of an admiring listener.

These folk love to be familiar with the Deity, without the slightest intention or sense of irreverence. There are revival scenes, too, painted soberly and with unflinching accuracy, but we cannot follow our author when he sets forth that he is depicting a dead past. Fanaticism and Puritanism vary in externals from age to age, but in essentials remain the same. We have neither space nor would it be profitable to attempt a detailed analysis of the book; it must be read to be understood and appreciated—but we will give one more quotation, a passage which seems to us to sum, briefly and ably, a great subject:

It will, I suppose, be admitted that there is no greater proof of complete religious sincerity than fervour in private prayer. If an individual, alone by the side of his bed, prolongs his intercessions, lingers wrestling with his Divine Companion, and will not leave off until he has what he believes to be evidence of a reply to his entreaties—then, no matter what the character of his public protestations, or what the frailty of his actions, it is absolutely certain that he believes in what he professes.

Various famous men flit across the pages—Kingsley, Huxley, Robert Louis Stevenson, Sheridan Knowles—historic events play their part, and had we the inclination, the writer's claim to be a narrator of fact could easily be checked; but, as we have said, it boots not whether the story is fact or fiction—it is true to life. The author, also, challenges the reader to "recognise him as an old acquaintance, occasionally met with in quite other fields." The secret has not been kept for long, and we understand that Mr. Edmund Gosse does not deny that he is the writer of the book. It is a great book, but for our part we scarcely like this close anatomisation by a son of a father.

ANIMALS IN ART

PICKING a slightly hazardous way again westwards over the web of greasy traffic routes that converge at the meeting of the Commercial and Whitechapel Roads, the visitor to the East End Art Gallery will no doubt ruminate upon the fare he has just risen from. In a little, out of the usual confusion brought to birth in the mind by any extensive exhibition, he will begin to pull forth the important strands of his impression. In his mind, cleared of the partitions apparently set up by chronology and geography, artists' conceptions of animals will settle themselves, broadly, under two comprehensive groups, even as, speaking liberally, one might class the citizens of Whitechapel as Aryan or Semitic. At the most radical and the simplest his disposition of the painters and sculptors of animals will be those who can rise to the natural dignity, or higher, the grandeur of their subjects, and they who stop at the trivial and tame, or descend to a sickly infusion of

human sentimentality. From this conclusion immediately his agile wit will glance from the Doric lion of Cnidus and the Assyrian "Wounded Lioness" to Messrs. Ansdell and Landseer, and he will remember that no fatiguing inspection was required to place under its proper heading, irrespective of age or clime, any individual picture in the gallery.

Investigation and statistics go to set upon a sound basis the theory that the men of old time were far more attuned to the dignity of animals than are we moderns. Or, to put the matter a little crudely, is it conceivable that the age which delighted in the magnificence of "The Chariot Horse" of Halicarnassus or "The Lion Hunt" would have largely gone in for, as gracefully we say, our celebrated "Dignity and Impudence" and "Trial by Jury," our pretty kittens and gentlemanly wild beasts? Pursuing this train, can we comfortably picture that Kano Ko-i, whose "Tiger and Bamboo" is in this show, could have seen that fierce brute in the light in which, on the facing wall, the Hon. John Collier has presented him? The Japanese sixteenth-century master "felt" his tiger as portentous, extra-human, incomprehensible, in whose eyes the snarling glare throws open before us a pit of untold smouldering hate. Our popular painter, on the other hand, of discreditable episodes in "smart society" as the vulgar term it, with shiny unction has portrayed a suave, fat individual, a sleek and comfortably-sated tiger. The haunting ferocity of Ko-i's conception marks the close kinship of those monstrous evil gargoyles, who, from Notre Dame, brood with malevolence over the city. This spirit of the inhuman grandeur of animals, the drama of animal painting, is by no means wholly absent from modern art. Quickly running to the tongue come the names of Barye, of James Ward, of Bates and Nettleship; nor are those of living people in the rear. In this particular connection first will occur Mr. Swan, whose wild beasts are never tame, and Mr. Wardle, who can conjure up on his canvas suggestion of inexpressible violence of savage fury. Then, too, in his "The Eye of the Wilderness," Mr. E. Alexander has finely realised his idea of that sinister and ominous vulture, who in high solitude keeps his relentless watch. As for James Ward, of whom, somehow, one hears but little, few pictures can have excelled the epic height of his "Tiger and Serpent," which, in its rendering of the stupendous struggle for life, is monumental of super-human throes, of cataclysmal anguish.

Within the great groups, the Dignified and the Trivial, the careful may, before long, detect a subdivision of animals in art; as it were, an internal difference. This will at once resolve into the question of the actual texture of pelts and plumage, and though clearly it is open to exceptions, which in the case, say, of Landseer, make their entry, pretty generally you may see that the artists who looked at the hides or feathers of their subjects through the truthful observance of tone were those who equally could get through to the inherent dignity of the animals. At this point, slightly pausing, I would, in respect to A. Van de Velde's "Study of Dogs" (in the upper gallery, No. 8), draw some distinctions. On the face of it, this little dog, a vulgar, currish little person, has no chance of a distinguished air; he reeks of ingratiating humility, and is peculiarly lovable for his unaffected lowness. As a study he ranks with the best. The point is this, that fairly plastered as this small mongrel is with the absence of all pedigree and cultured ways, yet in his utter dog-like naturalness he is far more dignified than Landseer's mastiffs, who are sick with that fatal inoculation of human expressions. Having for the moment thus obstructed the stream of argument, it were well now to "pass along" with this idea of Landseer still in mind. For he is a notable exception to what might well be a rule—that the painters who, as we should say, have got the real look of hair or feathers, or, as they put it, who have ex-

pressed the breadth of tone and more or less the true relation of the thing, these painters also see the natural animal dignity. But Landseer, while excelling in the management and illusion of texture, as we all know, barely ever recognised the finer interior quality. Once over this eminent obstacle to our theory, it will not be difficult to make a clear course to the end. Hokusai and Sosen, excelling in the simple appearance of fur or feathers, manage it by extraordinary breadth; the latter in especial as to the peculiar fine and mist-like look of silver monkey's hair, is with no rival. His apes and the other's cock and hen are fine conceptions. Velasquez's "Boar Hound" seems to me as perfectly as possible to render the bristly skin and heavy fleshy folds of that species in as broadly simplified a method as may be, and with every circumstance of noble dignity. Lastly, to take a highly modern instance, Mr. Leonard Hill, in a study of a sitting hen, with the greatest possible simplification and neglect of individual feathers, gives us a striking illusion of that soft puffed-out mass which, in the business of brooding, represents a hen. I do not think a better expression of the appearance of the bird, thus ruffled out in the straw, could be accomplished.

At the other pole we have Dutch game and poultry, achieved elaborately by microscopic investigation, and offering to us the look of objects focussed through inverted glasses. The feeling of air, thick with light, playing over the cabbages and hares is absent, and consequently the semblance of fur and feathers massed together and veiled by light and atmosphere is lost. Wherefore, in such a poultry piece as is Hondecoeter's here the strutting cock seems as though cased in some shiny sort of varnish.

Let no visitor pass by in the upper gallery the small Morlands, with their beautiful vast skies; or, for that matter, the sky in Thomas Barker's "Horses on the Downs." Infinitely sad is Morland's "Worn-out White Horse," the sky strangely moving. The drawings of Pisanello, downstairs, must excite a wonderful admiration, considering his death occurred a century and a quarter before Dürer well started life, and that his studies of horses clearly excel the German master's. Of his dog-painting, Vasari quaintly says in reference to the picture of St. Eustace, that so naturally does a hound therein turn his head, as if it heard some noise, "that a living dog could not do it better." The studies represented here are astounding, and it is very interesting, in another connection, to observe how constant and, in a way, peculiar association fits the artist for some surprising accomplishment. The Indian sixteenth-century drawings of elephants cannot be superseded.

C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

THE TYRANNY OF THE UGLY

WHEN a young man first awakens to a sense of the beauty and value of life, it is natural that he should be overwhelmed by the ugliness of the inheritance that his ancestors have forced upon him. He finds in the civilisation that he has had no place in devising, a tyranny against which it appears almost impossible to make any resistance, a dogma which he is told everyone except a young fool must accept as a truth, a law the breaking of which will number him beyond redemption among the criminal or the insane. It may be that in the first joy of his appreciation of the beautiful, he will think that his life and the life of any man may best be passed in the cultivation of a keener sense of beauty, that, to put it in a concrete form, it is better to grow and love roses in a cottage garden than to reign in an umbrella factory; but this briefest of the illusions of youth will be shattered forthwith by what appears to be the first law of civilised life, that

a man can only earn his living by the manufacture of ugliness.

It is probable that in his bitterness the young man will turn for comfort to those latter-day prophets and philosophers whose wisdom perhaps may have solved a problem which seems to him beyond hope, but he will certainly be disappointed. On the one hand he will find the wise men of the day devising schemes for the proper management and control of umbrella factories with a view to the greatest public good; on the other he will find them sighing for the roses of mediævalism, or proving by ingenious paradox that clear vision can find the Middle Ages even now in the lesser streets of Balham. For our prophets and our philosophers have forgotten that they were ever young, and with the passing years their ideal world has become a sort of placid alms-house, free from draughts and disturbances, a place where the aged and infirm can sit at ease and scheme little revolutions on a sound conservative basis, without any jarring note of laughter or discord of the hot blood of the young. And so the young man must turn to the poets, and find what comfort he may in the knowledge that there are others who have felt and feel even as he, that there are others who have wondered whether the best of a man's life should be spent in paying for the blotting out of nature with unsightly lumps of brick and steel, in aiding in the manufacture of necessities that are not necessary, in repeating stupidly the ugly crimes of yesterday in order to crush the spirit of his children and his children's children.

Of course it may be said that this love of beauty on the part of a young man is morbid and unnatural, and the just consequence of an unwise or defiant education, for civilisation, with a somewhat ignoble cunning, has guarded against possible treachery on the part of her children, by causing them to be taught only such things as may lead them to her willing service. It is unnecessary to point out that the dangerous revolutionary spirit which worships lovely things is not encouraged in our national schools. The children of the State are taught to cut up flowers and to call the fragments by cunning names, but they are not invited to love them for their beauty. They can draw you a map of the railway line from Fishguard to London, and prattle glibly of imports and exports, and the populations of distant countries, but they know nothing of the natural beauties of the places they name, nor even of such claims as there are in the city in which they live. Their lips lisp dates and the dry husks of history, but they have no knowledge of the splendid pageant of bygone kingdoms and dead races. Nor in our public life, which might better be named our public death, is there shown any greater regard for the spiritual side of the parents than there is for that of the children. Heedless of the advice of artists, the ignorant and uncultured men whom ambition alone has placed in a responsible position, will ruin the design of a street for the sake of a few pieces of silver, and for the fear that the spending of public money on making London beautiful may endanger their seats at the next election with honest electors who have learnt their lesson of ugliness only too well. The cheaper newspapers, which alone are read by the people as a whole, seek out and dilate on ugliness with passionate ingenuity, and even those papers which appear to be read by the more leisured classes, find no disgrace in filling five columns with the account of a bestial murder, and in compressing the speech of a great man of letters into a meagre five lines.

Where, then, can a young man seek for beauty in the life of to-day? Only, as I have said above, in literature, and only there because the mere writing of a book is not sufficient to make it a contribution to literature if it be not at the same time an expression

of that beauty of life which is, in spite of our rulers, eternal. For there are ugly books enough, and there are a multitude of ugly writers to swell their numbers, but our critics, when they are honest, can render their labours vain; and though there is an outcry in the camps of the ugly when such a critic has spoken his daring word, the word has been spoken, and the book is dismissed to the shelves of the folk who care for such trash. But our critics must be honest.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

OUR FELLOW SHAKESPEARE

ONE of the most interesting of the contemporary references to Shakespeare, the man, is the passage in the "Return from Parnassus," 1601, put into the mouth of a character representing Kempe, the actor, in giving his opinion to Burbage of the "University plays":

"Why, here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down; aye, and Ben Jonson too. O! that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow. He brought up Horace giving the poets a pill, but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit."

Taken by itself, there is nothing, perhaps, of peculiar interest in the passage, save as showing the sort of estimation in which Shakespeare was held at that particular time by the authors of the play—who were probably some of the more sparkish students then at Cambridge; I mean that it was not until the publication of the first folio in 1623, seven years after his death, when people had an opportunity of reading all his plays, and not merely of hearing a few of them, and perhaps reading a few more, that his true greatness as a dramatist was generally realised. In 1601 he had not produced any of the great tragedies, and he was still better known as an actor than as a writer. Hence we have our young authors making Kempe refer to him merely as "our fellow Shakespeare"; that is to say, our fellow actor.

But as a light on the rather disputed relation between Shakespeare and Jonson, the passage is of considerable value, and if a suggestion which I have to make be allowed, it clears up one of those little points that, even if not of the first importance, is certainly worth clearing up; I mean the marginal note in Jonson's "Discoveries" against a passage which, however familiar it may be to some, I must beg leave to quote in full:

I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand," which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by therein he most faulted. And to justify mine own candor (for I lov'd the man, and do honour his memory (on this side idolatry) as much as any). He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent Phantisie; brave notions and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. *Suffraginandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he felt in those things could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong." He replied, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause," and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than pardoned.

The marginal note against this is: *De Shakespeare nostrat.* The last word may therefore be *nostrati*, or the rarer adverb (which occurs in Plautus) *nostratim*. The former is the more probable reading; and this is tamely translated by Professor Israel Gollancz, in editing the "Discoveries" for Messrs. Dent and Co., as "Shakespeare our fellow-countryman." As Mr. Gollancz is secretary to the British Academy, his patriotic spirit is commendable; but why Jonson, in marginating his notes, should waste his small space by describing Shakespeare as a fellow-countryman is difficult to understand. For what I take to be the

real significance of *nostrati*, I must refer to Mr. Sidney Lee, who supposes that "Probably the 'purge' that Shakespeare was alleged by the author of 'The Return from Parnassus' to have given Jonson meant no more than that Shakespeare had rapidly outstripped Jonson in popular esteem. As the author of 'Julius Cæsar' he had just proved his command of topics that were peculiarly suited to Jonson's vein, and had in fact outrun his churlish comrade on his own ground." In support of this, Mr. Lee then quotes the passage from the "Discoveries" about Julius Cæsar, and also mentions that Jonson derisively quoted the same passage ("Cry you mercy; you did not wrong but with just cause") in the induction to "The Staple of News" at so late a date as 1625—showing that Jonson still remembered the fault two years after he had eulogised Shakespeare (for his care in "striking the second heat," and not leaving all to art) in the verses prefixed to the folio, in which the mistake had been corrected. Bearing this in mind, is it too dogmatic to say that obviously what Jonson meant by *Shakespeare nostrati* was "our fellow Shakespeare"? I hope not.

For on reading Jonson's opinion carefully, it becomes evident that, although he begins by mentioning Shakespeare's writings, it is rather as an actor that he is criticising him. Indeed, it is hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that it was Shakespeare himself who acted the part of Julius Cæsar. It must be remembered that the play was never printed till 1623, and Jonson must therefore have detected the error at the performance; so that "one saying to him," and "he replied," can only refer to the man actually acting. Haterius, too, was not a writer, but a talker. There is no such passage as "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong" in the printed play, where the line, altered into:

Know Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied,

is appended quite needlessly to a speech of several lines. In fact, it looks curiously like a piece of gag, even in its present form. The scene is better without it. But one cannot help thinking that Johnson saw the proofs of the Folio before he wrote his eulogy, and turned straight to "Julius Cæsar," and noted the alteration before writing the lines about "striking the second heat." The perusal of the whole of Shakespeare's plays produced a vastly different effect on his mind to what he had known of the man, and seen acted, or in the few quartos. Hence the difference between the "Discoveries" and the verses prefixed to the Folio.

RANDALL DAVIES.

THE CALL OF THE NERVES

WERE there any such general interest in *belles lettres* as unbending optimists would have us believe, it would be worth while for some daily paper to conduct a silly-season discussion under some such title as "The Cry of the Intellectually Destitute." As, in all probability, very few of the contributors would own to intellectual destitution in any degree, the discussion would not be without its aspect of irony.

Students of the questions arising out of temporal poverty are agreed that the commonest solace for lack of pence, while any pence remain, is stupefaction by alcohol. The underfed drinker, seeking a momentary Nirvana in solitude, is, they tell us, in parlous case. The longer he drinks, the more disdainful of proper nourishment he becomes; and ultimately his physical salvation is no longer possible. In this respect, as in some others, he affords a close parallel to the typical subject of the large class with which this article is concerned—the mentally indigent whose solace is a "shocker."

It is easy to say that these unhappy people are quite unattractive, and to cite Renan's counsel not to occupy oneself with what is repellant. But the mentally "hard up," on a moderate computation, considerably outnumber those fugitives from financial cares who are the objects of much philanthropic activity, and they are at least as worthy of study. Some of them have known better days: under the guidance of a friend or a tutor—some tutors are friends—they have set out, hopefully enough, for a Promised Land. Others (to very the figure) have never had an æsthetic coin in their pockets, and if they were shown one would stare at it as at a doubtful example of some foreign currency. Their eyes are heavy with the ophthalmia of the slums, and their ears dull with the monkey-chatter of the market. It is not without interest to observe how the condition of atony induced by habitual malnutrition determines their choice of books, plays, music, pictures—always assuming that they "patronise" (their own word) any of the fine arts.

The normal condition of the mentally atonic, as of the physically, is one of long periods of languor broken by short spasms of exaltation—procured it matters not how. Scientific research, indeed, may one day make it certain that the state of the Corelli-smitten is a purely pathological one. Even now it is easy to notice, in one's own field of observation, how unsatisfied nerves hunt for sensation, exploit it to exhaustion, and finally wait for a degree of recuperation sufficient to allow of undertaking another cycle. Hence the vogue of products of astute commercialism that owe extremely little to the arts under which they are formally subsumed: in drama, *The Sign of the Cross* and homologous masterpieces; in music, "Storm" fantasies; in painting, the trickeries of some Bond Street Gallery. The demand for such things is fundamentally of the same nature as the demand for the bottle. It is the call of undisciplined nerves to be stimulated into forgetfulness.

To sample the melodrama and the fiction popular in circles of obviously slight intellectual activity is to realise with progressive clearness the truth of this contention. Let anyone who doubts it sit through a "world-famous" melodrama or a music-hall sketch of the "powerful" species, and, quelling all personal feeling, note impartially the flow of the dialogue and the sequence of the situations, all admirably designed to communicate to the groundlings (of whom the house is full) a virtually continuous series of shocks. Or let him read the "latest success" of, let us say, Le Queux, and mark for himself the passages (if any) in which the smallest deviation from the same design is evident. Unthinking sentimentalists would have us believe that this predilection for deeds of violence and the emotions, magnified many diameters, of the suburban kitchen-garden arises from an inherent and generous desire to share the sorrows of others, and so to realise a fuller, nobler life. Unhappily for this touching theory, our intellectually underfed choose to drink crude spirits rather than matured vintages. Cheap as classics are, they do not as yet appear to have reached the readers most in need of them. Such readers, it is true, receive little encouragement. More often than not, they have the misfortune to be pupils of nobodies like those to whose precious counsel *THE ACADEMY* recently called attention. One may be allowed to wonder what the greater number of these blind leaders of the blind—or shall one say, rather, hungry leaders of the hungry?—would make of a chapter of Meredith or a page of Swinburne. I saw, not long since, a free-library copy of a novel of Henry James's in which a reader, self-denyingly anonymous, had scribbled a scornful comment followed by the delicious subscription, "By one who knows what good reading is." It is not unlikely that this censor was a follower of one of the lights of that curious underworld.

And the mischief spreads. The success of an illiterate or semi-literate author arouses interest and imitation; and, just as in commerce increasing demand begets cheaper methods of production, till the raw alcohol is made from a hundred fragments of organic refuse, so the popular story or play tends ever to manifest more clearly the savour of the gutter. And artists themselves begin to ask whether, after all, it is worth while to pursue ideals any longer, and glance covetously at alluring bypaths. Let me relate an actual instance. Within living memory, a writer of distinctive gifts was slowly obtaining acceptance for short stories. In an evil hour she made the acquaintance of a fiction editor who controlled a large output of wares. The great man was good enough to "consider" something of hers. "Charming!" was the substance of his comment—for his victim's social position was unexceptionable—"but our readers need something simpler, something that they can grasp—er—something, in fact, like what they are used to. Anxious to increase her income, she took the hint. Duly interlarded with, "'Ha!' cried the bloated count, planting both feet firmly on the door-mat," and similar elegancies, her fiction circulated widely and her purse overflowed. At his club, her husband put on the best countenance he could muster.

It seems worth while to offer this suggestion of the nature and function of the "shocker" for the reason that not all the contributors to its great circulation are in the last stages of intellectual emaciation. It is unnecessary to assume that the unenlightened deliberately choose bad art rather than good; the truth would rather seem to be that they purchase it in its various forms for the same reason that they purchase anything else sufficiently advertised. And it is wildly possible that, some day, the taste for trash will surcease, and the purveyors of sensation be left to form a society among themselves for mutual intoxication. One wonders if they would. An ice-cream vendor was once overheard expressing to the proprietor of another barrow his amazement that anyone could eat the stuff they sold.

HOWARD BAYLES.

FICTION

Major Vigoureux. By "Q." (Methuen, 6s.)

THERE are certain cordial reviewers of Mr. Quiller-Couch's books who are given to asking when he will write a "masterpiece"; putting the question, indeed, a little peremptorily, or petulantly. Not of them are we. We are well content that he should go on writing just as he has written, and bid us to taste of another "Major Vigoureux" six months hence. Surely it is a little less than courteous to discount what an author writes because of what he has never written, and possibly never will write. For we have just a suspicion that, after all, Mr. Quiller-Couch was not born to write masterpieces, and that he is simply bent on giving us what he can—which is precisely what no one else gives us. In the present volume there is the familiar grace and gaiety, the manner which one would say is derived from R. L. S., if it were not so clearly and constantly "Q.'s" own. Indeed, we only catch a glimpse of the partial resemblance to Stevenson to think the next moment, "how different from Stevenson!"—from his studied precision and meticulous craft. "Q" does not make you feel that his novels are such easy reading, because they are such hard writing; rather that the author has but anticipated, and in a larger measure, the reader's satisfaction. An easy-seeming, almost careless manner is over all this book, revealed in its humour, its

half-pathetic brightness, its happy ending. You feel you are in good company with the Commandant, Major Vigoureux, with Sergeant Archelaus, and Mrs. Treacher, even with the rather conventional Vashti, and the somewhat ill-used Miss Gabriel. One might quarrel a little with their author for his ungallant dropping of Miss Gabriel, of whom we would fain see more; but the whole group is one we should be well pleased to meet again, as indeed may yet happen in new circumstances and under new names—unless Mr. Quiller-Couch takes grimly to the writing of masterpieces. There are one or two chapters, too, in the middle of the book, which might have been spared, but which half the readers will loyally endure for "Q.'s" sake, and half skip for their own. But these are trifles in comparison with the pretty invention of Archelaus and Mrs. Treacher. For them we are properly grateful, as well as for "Q.'s" tenderness in sparing the "local colour"—so sore a temptation to most novelists. One saddens to think what Mr. X. or Miss Y. would have said, in how many tedious pages, of the island waters of Z. Our author doesn't do this; the sea and the island in "Major Vigoureux" are shown simply as they would appear to the island's inhabitants: uncoloured and unmagnified. You but feel that it is a bright and glad sea that the Commandant and his Army of Three look upon; and there is a bright and glad light on the whole book.

Nevertheless, here and there are graver passages, to which one turns again because of their gravity. Such is part of Vashti's talk with the Commandant:

Why all this hopeful, hopeless craving to leave something permanent? The islands here will outlast anything you can build. I come back after fifteen years and they are unchanged; they would be unchanged were I to come back after a hundred. The same rocks, the same beaches, the same hum of the tides, the same flowers, the same blue water here below us . . . the same streak of yellow yonder on the south cliffs of Saaron. Our grievance is more personal, more real; and so should yours be, if you could only see it. It is to ourselves—to you and me, to any man and woman—that time makes the difference. You worry over your fortifications. Why? It is in ourselves that the tragedy lies. To lose our looks, our voice—to grow old and mumble . . .

And such again is the following briefer extract:

"When we knew one another in the old days, honours seemed to both of us the most desirable thing in the world. Believe me, they always come too late."

The Commandant looked at him for a moment. "Yes," said he at length, "we have talked enough of ourselves. And what do we matter, after all?"

The Mystery of Mary Anne. By GEORGE SIMS. (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.)

WE suppose these stories have made their appearance before in various popular magazines. The public for which they cater likes murder and mystery dished up at every course. Otherwise it is not fastidious, and you may become its chosen bard, although you can no more harp it to the hell you gibbly catalogue, than a little boy does when he tells you he has stabbed a sawdust doll. We commend the volume to the young author who wishes to sell his pot-boilers but modestly refrains from stories of great passions and appalling crimes because he believes it takes genius to sound their depths. It is not necessary, we assure him, to sound the depths of a teacup. He need only mention a murder, surround it with a few trivial details, fix the guilt on an innocent person, flavour strongly with cheap sentiment, and show you in the baldest way how the criminal was discovered. We advise him to waste no time on character, humour, or construction if he means to bring his wares to this market. Once in a way he may do without an actual murder and fob off his readers with a secret marriage, a burglary, or even a touching episode, in which a police officer falls out of a train while the prisoner in his charge escapes scot free, and finds himself by a remarkable coincidence in the policeman's home, where he nobly entertains and comforts the policeman's family on

Christmas Day. It is an artless public that enjoys such stories told in such a way; but, fortunately for the army of authors who can write them, it is a large one.

The Brass Bowl. By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE. (E. Grant Richards, 6s.)

A MORE amusing and ingenious "shocker" than this we have seldom read. It is described by the author as a "novel of sensation," and such it certainly is, with the addition of a very pleasant vein of sentiment. The hero is an amusing American millionaire named Dan Maitland. He is the owner of some wonderful jewels, and has the misfortune to be exactly like Dan Anisty, a celebrated jewel thief. The heroine, Sylvia Graeme, is a young lady of indescribable resource, who becomes an amateur crackswoman in order to get possession of some papers incriminating her father, which are in Maitland's possession. It would be impossible to describe all the complexities of the plot—how Maitland is mistaken for Anisty, Anisty for Maitland, and how Sylvia preserves the jewels for her lover by hiding them under a brass bowl in his rooms. The reader's interest gets keener as he nears the end of the story, and the final scene is intensely dramatic. The book bristles with improbabilities, but it is written with so much dash and high spirits that we hardly notice them until after we have finished it. "The Brass Bowl" can be recommended for railway journeys and for all who wish to be amused without being made to think; incidentally it gives interesting glimpses into American life.

When Terror Ruled. By MAY WYNNE. (Greening and Co., 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a mild, pleasant, and quite inoffensive addition to the thousand and one novels which deal with the tragic and romantic period of the French Revolution. The authoress has found neither anything new to say, nor any new way of saying it. It is a pretty little love story, which begins with the rivalry of two brothers, the younger of whom—"Monsieur le Chevalier"—is the "villain of the piece." The heroine is a little peasant girl, in love with the elder brother—the handsome and debonaire Comte de St. Gervais—who is the hero, and the story deals with her self-sacrifice, and ends with her marriage to a man she loathes as the price of the Comte's freedom; in fact, she plays the part of good angel to him and Louise de Florinac, his betrothed, all through the book, and a rather melodramatic pathos is the motive of the story. Readers who like this style of romance and who are not exacting in their demands for either probability or style, will no doubt be well pleased with "When Terror Ruled," although even a complacent reader might find the manner of Miss Wynne's writing a little irritating, as it affects almost the style of a translation. One is not surprised to find that this writer falls into the usual error of her class of fictionists in dispensing with "values." The villain is extremely black, and the heroine extremely white. But the writing, in spite of the rather tiresome mannerism already alluded to, is fairly simple and straightforward, and we think that the only fault which readers of this style of novel—and who ask only to be told a pretty story prettily—will find with Miss Wynne will be that she has not been kind enough to give them the usual "happy ending" so dear to their hearts.

The Awakening of Bittlesham. By G. F. BRADBURY. (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.)

MR. BRADBURY has a dangerous gift of versatility, which might well prove the undoing of a writer less able and conscientious; both as historian and humorist, however, he has now shown himself equally expert. "The Awakening of Bittlesham," which gives us a taste of the latter quality, is a quite admirable book, lacking perhaps the compelling charm of "Dick" (that exquisite miniature of boyhood), but with an equal fund

of unforced gaiety. To speak truth, we ourselves must confess to having approached it with a little of the adverse prejudice that is the natural result of newspaper eulogy, but the first few pages were enough to disarm any such hostility. It is not often the lot of the seasoned reviewer to be moved to actual and audible laughter by the printed word, but in our own case this result was unexpectedly attained at the chapter in which the amateur philanthropist, whose mission is to awaken Bittlesham, ordains that his cattle shall be released for exercise on winter mornings. Bewstridge, the philanthropist in question, is a wholly delightful figure, drawn with a quiet humour that never degenerates into caricature; the story of the book is the tale of his efforts to revive in Bittlesham "the good old institutions of a primitive village community." How these well-meant endeavours prosper the reader must find out for himself; Mr. Bradby tells of them with a dry and half-serious amusement that gives the whole thing a convincing air of actuality. It is his method not, as some humorists do, to weary by forcing attention upon every detail of an absurdity, but rather, having indicated it, to leave the rest to imagination. Mr. Bradby's art, in short, is of a kind that not only conceals itself, but leaves the reader with a very comfortable conceit of his own power of appreciation. For this and other reasons we shall be astonished if "*The Awakening of Bittlesham*" does not prove to be one of the most popular books of the present season.

An Outcast of the Islands. By JOSEPH CONRAD. (Unwin, 6s.)

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD is a novelist with a personality and a style of his own. He is a man who has been humble enough, and sensible enough, to realise that he had much to learn, and he has studied—life and literature equally—and has profited by his study. His style when he wrote "*Almayer's Folly*" was good, but it has improved. Re-reading "*An Outcast of the Islands*"—a good book, but not a book Mr. Conrad would write to-day—we realise how much he has changed: how well he has served life, for instance, and how good a master life has been to him. But had he never improved on it he would still have remained a novelist whose books were welcome—things to be anticipated with that delicate sense of pleasure which realisation intensifies.

The Millionaire. By LADY TROUBRIDGE. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

THIS is an intensely satisfactory story. A pretty woman meets a fascinating millionaire; they fall in love with one another, and there are complications; not, we are happy to say, connected with a deceased wife's sister, but owing to the fact that both are married already. The lady is as virtuous as she is beautiful, the millionaire a monument of generosity, and she endures a blameless but poverty-stricken existence, while he sends cheques to her erring and inconvenient husband in Mexico. This uncomfortable state of affairs is terminated by the suicide of the husband, closely followed by the sudden death of the millionaire's still more erring wife. It only remains for the survivors to marry and live happily ever after, which they accordingly do, and we close the book with a comfortable feeling that everybody has behaved admirably and been very properly rewarded. The story is told clearly and simply, the characters are convincing, the reader's interest well sustained throughout, and, in spite of its rather hackneyed plot, the book has escaped both coarseness and banality, the "*Scylla and Charybdis*" of so many novelists.

His Highness Sandro. By KASBECK. (Heinemann, 4s. net.)

IN spite of the presence of a Russian grand duke as the principal character, there is not much in "*His High-*

ness Sandro." We are told that the anonymous author knows the atmosphere of Russian officialdom from the inside. We do not; and so we cannot either confirm or deny the accuracy of this statement. We are, however, quite willing to accept it as true. We are also bound to state that whether the author has or has not succeeded in reproducing this atmosphere correctly, he has not succeeded in writing an interesting story. His characters are ordinary to the verge of dullness, his plot so thin that it can scarcely be described as a plot at all. Sandro is married to an undesirable grand duchess, and at the end divorces her in order to marry Nadeene, the heroine. The grand duchess does not appear, unfortunately perhaps, for she might have proved more interesting than her more virtuous husband.

This is, we understand, a "first book." The author will certainly have to do better in the future. There is no reason why he should not, for even if he has not yet learnt the art of making his characters interesting to his readers, he has an evident interest in them himself, and certainly a feeling for the beauty and influence of Nature.

The Desert Venture. By FRANK SAVILE. (Arnold, 6s.)

IF there were more books like "*The Desert Venture*" the task of the reviewer would be a less dreary one. It is a long time since we have come across so enthralling a story, and we strongly recommend those on whom a grey London November weighs heavily to try the combined effect of an arm-chair by the fire and Mr. Savile's book as an antidote to depression. The "*Emperor of the Sahara*" received scant sympathy in Europe, but Mr. Savile has been quick to see the dramatic possibilities of such a situation, and has made it the material for a very stirring romance. In his hands Alain de Saint Serreze, the adventurer, is no madman, but a quixotic idealist fighting single-handed, far away in the heart of Africa, for what he believes to be the Empire of the future. We have a picture of the enthusiastic and his one follower, Sergeant Pichon, drilling their black recruits armed with dummy rifles beneath a burning African sun, and patiently awaiting the long-delayed ammunition from Europe, which is pathetic enough. Mr. Savile has a rare gift for describing warfare convincingly, and he tells us of the capture of English travellers by the Moors and their escape in a manner graphic enough to rouse the interest of the most phlegmatic reader.

Through Wintry Terrors. By DORA SIGERSON SHORTER. (Cassel, 6s.)

THIS is one of the many books that are published to-day of which it is difficult to say anything either good or bad. The best that can be said for it is that no doubt it will yield a number of amiable persons a certain harmless enjoyment; the worst, that there is no reason why it should have been written at all. It deals with characters whom we have already met—in novels. The hero is a young artist who is going to make his way in the world, the heroine a pretty Irish girl gifted with a charming stupidity. He has an aunt with money and a frozen heart, she a drunken father, who locks her out of doors one night because her bicycle has broken down, and thus is responsible for their marriage, the two compromising themselves in the ordinary way. Perhaps the hero is a little more enthusiastic over his art than usual, perhaps the heroine is more than ordinarily stupid, but it is all very old, this life wherein the chief aim of man and woman appears to be to secure their little comforts. There is a villain, too, a poet, whose verses appear to us even more reprehensible than his designs against the marital fidelity of the heroine. The other characters

are sentimental for the most part, and the vagueness of the title suggests the atmosphere of the book very well. It is all rather pitiful.

Lady Anne. By MORLEY ROBERTS. (F. V. White, 6s.)
LADY ANNE is an episode rather than a novel. The whole story, after the first chapter, takes place between the hours of five p.m. on one day and twelve p.m. on the next. We congratulate Mr. Roberts on the amount of dramatic interest he has contrived to pack into these nineteen hours. Lady Anne, Lady Hale and Felicia are all very delicate character studies, but the most remarkable element in the book is the spirit of George Hale, who has already been dead some months when the story opens. With subtle skill Mr. Roberts manages to make Hale's presence felt through every episode in the book, and to give as clear and vivid an impression of his very striking personality as if he was really one of the living *dramatis personæ*. The cast is a very small one, but each character is carefully studied and worked out. Lady Anne has the reader's sympathy from the beginning, and holds it to the last page.

Miss Dering's Price. By JOHN STRANGE WINTER. (F. V. White and Co., 6s.)

THE most amazing and fascinating page in this book is the one at the end, which sets forth a list of its authoress's works. From "Bootle's Baby" to this present story, "Miss Dering's Prince," John Strange Winter has written no fewer than NINETY-SIX novels. It is pro-di-gious. Such industry is its own monument. Where be the Guy Boothbys, the Hall Caines, the Corellis, or the Le Queux in comparison with the one John Strange Winter? Her ease, her fluency, her nice conduct of a simple tale are displayed as aptly as ever in this, her ninety-sixth novel. It opens with the innocent but midnight visit of Stephen Dering to his girl-cousin's room at school. There, in most ungentlemanly fashion, he falls dead—heart disease. Miss Dering—of the title—throws his corpse out of the window, and washes her hands. Subsequently developments complete an innocuous if interesting story. But what we are really interested in are the four books which John Strange Winter has still to write in order to bring her record up to a hundred.

DRAMA

WASTE

It seems odd to discuss piecemeal any play without attention to its dramatic sequence, but Mr. Barker deliberately rejects the convention of the stage, and it is impossible to think of *Waste* as a whole work of art. But where realism is the aim you cannot preserve canons. Real life does not resolve itself into four or five neat acts, though many critics think or wish it would do so. Life is panoramic. It is intellectual panorama, not drama in the stereotyped sense, which Mr. Barker gives us. *Waste* is elaborately unconstructed; curtains are carefully avoided—a fact resented by the Imperial cloth last Sunday, since it refused to rise or fall exactly when required, in symbolic protest on behalf of Mr. Redford and the *Referee*.

Mr. Granville Barker, having produced a masterpiece in the *Voysey Inheritance*, crippled criticism. How dull it seems to say that a writer's work is not so good as the masterpiece; it is dull and easy, though often impossible, to give an adequate reason. The *Voysey Inheritance* was so complete, so satisfying; it marked a period in English drama. *Waste* is not complete (or

is it too complete?) and is not satisfying; let that be conceded at once. There is, however, nothing in the earlier work so ambitious, so enthralling, as the third act of the new play. Is here anything in English drama to equal that third act in conception and achievement? I am convinced there is nothing. Of course, there is nothing, fortunately, to compare with *Waste*, unless it be Wederkind's *Awakening of Spring*, which is also a panorama and not sequential drama; there is no other resemblance.

We can all think of plays where political automatons talk vaguely and warily in "Lobby of the House of Commons"; a door opens occasionally and cheers of supers simulate the battle of debate in order to maintain an illusion of Westminster; Countesses enter in opera cloaks and the hero informs the heroine "that the Government will fall to-night." But somehow the whole thing seemed a sham. The playwrights never succeeded in getting the scent of Parliamentary hay over the footlights. The political atmosphere was not there; you could not believe in the "Premier" however often he described himself an Imperialist; the young Liberal Unionist member was too obviously the popular *raconteur* of the Garrick, who spoke so wittily for the Actors' Benevolent Fund a few weeks before; and the canal negotiated by the adventuress was less real than those of the planet Mars. Mr. Granville Barker, for the first time, has presented with actuality the atmosphere of politics on the stage. And this has not been done by a mechanical trick or stage device, but by sheer force of writing and an extraordinary grasp and appreciation of political issues. The power of drawing from life two well-known personalities, and calling into life a realistic character like Trebell's, of course, counts for something. The art of Mr. Henry James is not common, but Mr. Barker must be credited with a peculiar power, which he shares with no one else. True, Mr. Shaw, in his masterly *John Bull's Other Island*, contrives a political background, but it is not that of Downing Street, and of course we shall be told that such-and-such things could not take place, or would not take place (even I can scarcely believe that Justin O'Connell would have confided to politicians trying to square him, details of his own irregular life). But the illusion is there; the atmosphere is there; a page of some future Greville is visualised. It is a possible case.

The first act is a disappointment, because it does not produce any atmosphere at all; it does not tell coherently the exact relation of the characters discovered. We are in a drawing-room where we are not introduced to anyone but the hostess, and we do not recognise her husband when he appears. Moreover, we are in stageland, excellent stageland, but not Mr. Barker's own country; the Hankin-ex-machina is creaking in the flies; the device of billiards and suggested races to the wings are prompts, scaffolding with which Mr. Barker wisely or unwisely decided to dispense long ago. And the second scene of the act, which I suppose brought roses to the cheeks of Mr. Redford, seemed like the third act of a well-made old French drama; though it must be admitted that Miss Aimée de Burgh was entirely insufficient and incredible, while—though it is ungracious to say so—Mr. Barker was never the ideal Trebell. At least, he did not succeed in explaining the subtle character he creates. In a play so densely packed, where everything is put down, we have a right to demand explanation. The first act requires repacking.

If less brilliant than the third, Act II. is hardly less absorbing in the scene where Lord Charles Cantelupe, the conscientious High Churchman, comes to make terms on "Disestablishment" with the political free-lance, Trebell, though what ought to be a great scene between a man and woman failed to be so—on Sunday evening. The act, however, is an intellectual *tour de*

force, to which you could find parallels in Mr. Shaw's plays, and is, therefore, less surprising than Act III., although the realism is so poignant and the characterisation no less vivid and sympathetic.

The fourth act seemed to me wrong and unpanoramic, simply because it appeared untrue. I cannot think Trebell would have committed suicide. It was fine and *un-English*. A cool-headed genius, armed with that complacent egoism, would have never, even in a moment of modesty, taken his own life. He must know that he would have to come to the front again. If he was ready to assume Cabinet rank, with the possible revelation attending the inquest on Mr. O'Connell, surely he could have faced the temporary setback of Lord Horsham's exclusion of him. But perhaps I missed some of the intention of the play. Is it the death of the ethical child, following on that of the corporeal child which induces him to self destruction? It is impossible to estimate details in a vast drama of these stupendous issues after one hearing and without the privilege of reading it. I thought the end should have come on the arrival of Lord Horsham's letter. It would have been a trifle Ibsenish and old-fashioned, but my heart is in the last century, and I am a disciple of Lord Charles Cantelupe in ethics, not of Trebell.

With the one exception I have mentioned, the acting was, of course, of that high order we always expect and get from the Stage Society, though I hazard a demur at Mr. Barker's interpretation of his own part. Mr. Vibart's Lord Horsham I shall always remember with delight, and no one, I think, will forget the Lord Charles Cantelupe of Mr. Dennis Eadie. Mr. Vernon Steel, too, was excellent—but Waste, Waste! It is for nothing we have a great writer for the stage in England. His work has to be rendered only twice in a moral catacomb. A great play of high ethical import, almost ostentatiously didactic, has been refused a licence, while a thoroughly immoral piece of sentimentality like *The Hypocrites*, a disgusting and degrading piece such as *The Sins of Society*, a salacio-religious melodrama like *The Christian*, are permitted to tickle the palates of more ignorant and uneducated people than Mr. Redford himself.

During an interval I stepped from my gallery seat into the rainy street. Some of the passengers, seeing the Imperial Theatre lighted up on a Sunday, were staring at the entrance. "Wot's up to-night, mate?" asked one of them. "Bloomin' lecture by a johnnie called Redford," said the *better informed* companion, studying the posters of the week-day performance. "Yer jolly well wrong," retorted the first speaker, "it's *Mice and Men*." "Rats," said the companion. And the nineteenth-century drama disappeared into the night.

ROBERT ROSS.

"CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA" AT THE SAVOY

THE production of Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra* at the Savoy on Monday night had an enthusiastic reception, and deserved it. Its wit, its irony, its quaint play of fancy gave one that sense of intellectual exhilaration which one gets, alas, so rarely from any other contemporary dramatist, while the eye was charmed by a series of stage pictures beautiful in colouring and harmonious and dignified in conception. *Cæsar and Cleopatra* is a play which lends itself to spectacular effect, and in clumsy hands this aspect of the production might easily have been over-emphasised at the expense of its dramatic quality; while, on the

other hand, without a certain beauty and richness of setting some of its effect would necessarily be lost. Mr. Forbes Robertson hit the happy mean in this matter. The desert background of the Sphinx in the first act, with its admirable effects of lighting, made a most beautiful picture, yet the means employed to produce it were of the simplest. The scene on the palace roof in the third act and the scene in the East Harbour in the fourth were delightful pieces of colour. So the people who go to the theatre to see something pretty were satisfied, and the people who go to hear something witty were satisfied, while, Mr. Shaw being Mr. Shaw, the people who asked for some serious intention, some philosophic conception behind the irony and the wit, were equally contented.

Yet it is fifteen years since *Cæsar and Cleopatra* was first published, and during about half that period Mr. Forbes Robertson has been announced from time to time to be "about to produce" it. And, during those years the play has been given with immense success in Germany and Austria, has recently had a successful tour in America, and has been even seen in Ireland and the English provinces. At last, after these years of wanderings in the wilderness, it reaches London, and on its production is received with enthusiasm. It throws a singular light on the condition of the London theatre of to-day that this should be possible. Of course if these fifteen years had provided the London theatres with a brilliant series of dramatic masterpieces, or even of financial successes, if managers' drawers had been bursting with admirable and popular plays clamouring for production, such a situation would have been intelligible. But we know this has not been the case. We are told—managers themselves confess it—that the past few years have been lean years in the dramatic world of London financially, while the critics hasten to add that they have been lean enough artistically. Yet *Cæsar and Cleopatra* was suffered to lie neglected on the shelf while plays without a tithe of its drawing power and without a hundredth part of its intellectual distinction were losing money for their backers. I admit the immense difficulty of predicting with confidence, much less with certainty, the effect which even a brilliant play will produce in presentation or the results it will show at the box-office. But it is, at least, not difficult to predict the effect of a stupid play. And since this is so, since the element of risk is such a large factor in theatrical affairs, there seems to me to be something to be said for trying the clever play rather than the stupid one. In the one case you only lose money, in the other you lose money and reputation as well.

It is too late at this time of day to go into questions of plot and characterisation in the case of *Cæsar and Cleopatra*. Everyone who is interested in what I may call the intellectual drama of our time has read the play long since and made up his mind upon it. I would only suggest that those persons who see in Mr. Shaw's conception of Cæsar merely a Gilbertian burlesque without any relation to the Cæsar of history, a nineteenth-century humanitarian dressed up in the trappings of a Roman General, might find their view modified by a perusal of Professor Dill's "Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire." From that book he would learn that our humanitarianism and our philanthropic idealism, and much that we consider most "modern" in the social and political standpoint of to-day, are at least as old as the days of the Emperor Honorius. A reference to the original authorities of the period would reveal a good deal of the same "modernity" of outlook in the last century of the Roman Republic. Mr. Shaw, of course, cannot resist the occasional introduction of the note of burlesque. But his Cæsar, as a whole, is, I suspect, psychologically far nearer to the real Cæsar than the Cæsar we most of

us pictured in our schooldays. "The Ancients," in fact, were not a race apart, with characters and instincts and mental attitudes entirely different from our own, but, on the contrary, were fundamentally much the same as the "Moderns."

The acting of the play is almost throughout of admirable quality. Mr. Forbes Robertson's Cæsar is full of dignity and charm, Miss Gertrude Elliott's Cleopatra, "half devil and half child," is a very clever interpretation of Mr. Shaw's conception. Master Philip Tonge's boy-king, Ptolemy, was an exquisite performance of an exquisite part. Either Master Tonge is an astonishingly clever actor, or else he has been astonishingly well taught, and has known how to profit by instruction—which is a form of genius. But, indeed, the whole cast was admirably chosen, and showed once again the familiar truth, that, given parts with brains in them, you can get as good all-round acting in London as in any city in the world.

St. J. H.

CORRESPONDENCE

"ACADEMY" VOCABULARY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have lately begun to take THE ACADEMY, but I must say that I am surprised at the language I sometimes find in it—e.g., "The halfpennification of things is a devilish clever idea," "Out, damned spot!" (16th inst.). Surely all persons of clean life will be disgusted at such gratuitous vulgarity?

The second example given has, of course, the authority of Shakespeare, but it is unfortunate that such lines of Shakespeare should be chosen for quotation as are no longer considered decent. It looks, indeed, as if the paragraph were written for the sake of the coarse scribble of its conclusion.

We know where to get such language if we want it—strong, and plenty of it, but if the language of the pothouse and the brothel is going to be introduced into our journals of culture, we may conclude that England's days as a force for good are numbered—for bad conduct is not far off from bad language.

November 25.

AVORY H. FORBES.

[The aliases of "Dr. Stiggins" are many.—EDITOR.]

SONGS FROM THE CLASSICS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of 23rd inst. the reviewer of "Songs from the Classics" dismisses the work of one of the most remarkable artists of our day in a manner which his admirers must regret. Although I would not place all the decorations of the book among A. O. Spare's best work, he has certainly given us in "The Sphinx" something more than "a colossal tabby cat." The reproduction is not good, but surely many of those who have seen the original drawing, with other work, at the Bruton Gallery recently, will agree that in this artist we have one who possesses that "trinity of forces: a trained hand, a well-stocked mind, and a feeling heart," and knows how to use the three.

November 25.

ERNEST H. R. COLLINGS.

SECULARISM AND EDUCATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The Secularist, contrary to his brother the Agnostic, is an active force with regard to matters dealing with religion. Where the latter is satisfied with his passivity of ignorance, the former, with a theoretical opposition strangely conscientious, is positively combative. Now, it may seem paradoxical to infer that the Secularist's position possesses a real moral ground, and yet, with a little thought, it will be seen that it is this very combative form which distinguishes him from the Agnostic. For instance, what ground other than an educational ground can his religious rejection rest upon? And as an educational basis of distinction, it must be related to the actual constitution of the Education Act. If this constitutional element, therefore, is to be submerged under the Act, where, indeed, are we to find the public form of character of the Act? Is it, for instance, the schools or the scholar which make the Act possible? It certainly is not the schools, seeing that without the scholars the schools would be useless.

Again, previous to the Act there were no public schools—that is, none that were free and publicly supported—and consequently there was no ground for public improvement. Character or distinction, therefore, was a matter of private or family acquisition. Thus we see that by the Act the whole nation obtained the means of acquiring nobility—of becoming elevated. Yet this very vital element of the Act—the regeneration of the race—is to be smothered or chained down. Character to the Secularist must be lost in a scholastic mediocrity. He aims, in fact, at nursing the state of affairs from the mediocre or characterless nature of which this very Act should redeem us. In this manner the people, as history has repeatedly shown, are never to be raised above a civilised barbarism—an authorised sensualism.

Can we wonder, therefore, to quote the words of a distinguished scientist, that:

Even the best of modern civilisation appears (to him) to exhibit a condition of mankind which neither embodies any worthy ideal nor possesses the merit of stability.*

With such irresponsible intellectualism as secular education, it would indeed be difficult to estimate the value of knowledge, letting alone the necessary distinction of it. Irreligious administration in matters of this kind would, to quote the above scientist once more, "beat gunpowder hollow as an explosive."†

Now if, according to the Secularists, there is to be no such public element as improvement, the public suppression of it would be a more disastrous national system than that which tends towards the private or religious elevation of character. There can be no question, therefore, that Secularism, with its historic suppression, means national stagnation—gross materialism—without thought, character, nobility, manners, and, in fact, without all consciousness of development.

Again, if the Secularists should attempt to make a distinction between religion and morality—that is to say, maintain, as some of them do, that their secular ground is fundamentally a moral one apart from religious thought—in this instance, I say that the issue would be all important as admitting at once the religious ground of morality (knowledge *de jure*, or the sense of right and wrong).

We are confronted, then, with the fact that the Education Act, to be properly enforced, is not in need of religious suppression but of religious unity, otherwise the Act would be of no educational use whatever in the way of actual progress. The Education Act was meant as the foundation for general advance—the lever which was to raise the mass—and wherever you find a mediocre age, the mediocrity or general lack of character is always due to the absence of an initial ground (whether private or public) of refinement or morality. Hence the great necessity for contesting Secularism if the national advance and conservation, and not stagnation and collapse, is to be the future of England.

History must throw the light of danger to our gaze, and bid us beware of the consequences of a moral or religious separation. We must recall the dying struggles of Babylon, Rome, and Greece. For, with religion—that is, as actually and not negatively received—all the materialism, anarchism, pessimism, revolutionism, and mediocrity of life would very quickly disappear, leaving behind nothing but harmony, unity, and re-suscitating (because God-directed) vigour.

Let us, therefore, all be united in acknowledging the fact that the Education Act has no valid correlation with progress apart from its moral or religious ground of development, for without this primary element, which gives worth to the ideal, education, and with it civilisation, can never possess the supreme merit of stability.

H. C. DANIEL.

LECKY'S "ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In Lecky's "England in the Eighteenth Century," library edition, Vol. 2, page 403, the following sentence occurs:—"There is a curious letter of Swift extant, etc."; and, again, at page 407: "Neither of these prelates were very high churchmen."

Perhaps some of your accomplished readers would say if these sentences are impeccable, the first in the formation of the possessive, and the second in its grammar.

T. J. ABRAHAM.

* Huxley, *XIX Century*, May, 1890.

† Critiques and Addresses.

"KNOWLEDGE, WE ARE NOT FOES!"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Rutter, writing about "Rodin and Reason," has also taken occasion to write about me. I had already felt some interest in Mr. Rutter because of a sentence of his which I read in THE ACADEMY for October 19th. He had quoted a passage from Baedeker to the effect that, of all the pictures stolen from Italy by Napoleon, the three which were most esteemed were Raphael's "Transfiguration," Domenichino's "Last Communion of St. Jerome," and Titian's "Martyrdom of St. Peter." Then followed the passage which aroused my interest:

Would any serious student of Art [asked Mr. Rutter] nowadays place one of the foregoing in the race for glory at the Paris Museum? Who would give a vote to poor Domenichino? Who would prefer Titian's "Martyrdom of St. Peter" to his "Entombment" or "The Man with the Glove"?

Now, Mr. Rutter appears to think that I am the friend of ignorance. To prove that I am not, except in the way of kindness, I will give him a piece of information. Serious students of Art have not for the last forty years had the opportunity of comparing Titian's "Martyrdom of St. Peter" with any other pictures of his, for in 1867 it was burnt in the Church of St. Zanipolo at Venice. "Some of us," says Mr. Rutter, "think it worth our while to spend our time and thought in the effort, often vain, to lift the victims of Dr. Stiggins into a higher plane of enjoyment." I am afraid that, if he spends his time and thought in telling these victims what they ought to think about pictures that do not exist, his efforts will certainly be vain.

A. CLUTTON-BROCK.

"RODIN AND REASON"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I do not think the article entitled "Rodin and Reason" is worth a serious answer, because its whole substance seems to be founded upon a complete misconception of the duties of an art critic. "Technical criticism" of a painting is not the business of the critic, but of the teacher. This is so palpable, so evident, that it scarcely needs argument, though incidentally I may point out that of the first score or so of European art critics not more than two of them pretend to be artists; and that some of Mr. Rutter's remarkable assertions, as for instance, that Rodin "at his best is the greatest modeler the world has seen," are not supported by any "technical criticism" whatever. But while Mr. Rutter's statements of fact may well be allowed to sink into oblivion without reply, his manner of presenting them certainly calls for the severest censure. Abuse and covert sneering may be substitutes for argument, but they are not evidence of argumentative power or of knowledge of the subject under discussion. In this case they are particularly out of place, because they are levelled at a man whose writings are as conspicuous for their moderation, their simple elegance of style, and their clearness of diction, as is the article on "Rodin and Reason" for its extravagance and want of logic. I do not agree with Mr. Clutton-Brock in his conclusion that "beauty in art is the result of the expression of emotion," but the two articles (in THE ACADEMY and the Burlington Magazine) which he has written to support this hypothesis are important for two reasons: first, because they constitute the only serious dive into the fundamental principles of art which has been made of late years by English writers, and secondly, because the conclusion is the only theory so far advanced which dovetails with the ideas which appear to be held by most modern critics; that is, judging from their criticisms. It seems, in fact, that Mr. Clutton-Brock has arrived at his conclusion (more or less unconsciously perhaps) by induction, but in any case the result is that he puts rule and law behind a baneful practice. In the space that may reasonably be allotted to a "Letter to the Editor" it is not possible to deal properly with Mr. Brock's arguments, but he will have to be reckoned with, for he is far too accomplished a writer to be lightly put aside by unsupported dogmatic statements such as those contained in "Rodin and Reason."

MAN IN THE STREET.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

- The Burlington Art Miniatures: H.M. The King's Pictures.* The Fine Arts Publishing Co., 1s. 6d. net.
 Philipps, Evelyn March. *The Frescoes in the Sixtine Chapel.* Murray, 2s. 6d. net.
 Lawton, Frederick. *François-Auguste Rodin.* Grant Richards, 2s. net.
 Brown, G. Baldwin. *Rembrandt. A Study of his Life and Work.* Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.
 Hueffer, Ford Madox. *The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. A Critical Monograph.* Duckworth, 2s. net.

BIOGRAPHY

- Smith, Logan Pearsall. *The Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton.* In 2 volumes. The Clarendon Press, 25s. net.
 Stirling, A. M. W. *Coke of Norfolk and his Friends.* In 2 volumes. John Lane, 32s. net.
 Bussy, Dorothy. *Eugene Delacroix.* Duckworth, 5s. net.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

- Meade, L. T. *Three Girls from School.*
 Gale, Norman. *Songs for Little People.* Constable, 3s. 6d.
 R. Caldecott's *Picture Books.* Nos. 3 and 4. Warne, 1s. net each.
 Wilson, Wilson Theodora. *Sarah the Valiant.* Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d.
 Jacberns, Raymond. *The Truant Five.* Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d.
 Everett-Green, Evelyn. *Miss Lorimer of Chard.* Melrose, 5s.
 Jenkyn-Thomas, W. *The Welsh Fairy Book.* Fisher Unwin, 6s.
 Eddison, A. G. *Tales the Old Governess Told.* Allenson.
 Tennant, Lady. *The Children and the Pictures.* Heinemann, 6s.
 "The Stump Books": *The House that Jack Built, No. 1 and the Others, Ten Little Nigger Boys, The Eggs-traordinary Adventures of the Humpty-Dumpty Family, The Hippopotamus Book, The Humpty-Dumpty Book, the Jack Book.* Treherne, 6d. each net.
 Molesworth, Mrs. *The Little Guest.* Macmillan, 4s. 6d.
 Cartwright, Thomas. *One for Wod and One for Lok.* Heinemann, 1s. 6d. net.
 Cartwright, Thomas. *The Old, Old Myths of Greece and Rome.* Heinemann, 1s. 6d. net.
 Trustram, Mabel. *Verses to a Child.* Elkin Mathews, 2s. net.
 Bedford, H. Louisa. *The Deerhurst Girls.* Nelson, 2s.
 Arthur, Frances Browne. *The Duchess.* Nelson, 2s. 6d.
 Forester, F. B. *Hostage for a Kingdom.* Nelson, 5s.
 Hayens, Herbert. *The Tiger of the Pampas.* Nelson, 3s. 6d.
 Stawell, Mrs. Rodolph. *Fairies I Have Met.* Lane, 3s. 6d.
The Queen Bee, and other Nature Stories. Translated from the Danish of Carl Ewald by G. C. Moore-Smith. Nelson, 3s. 6d.
 Outcault, R. F. *Buster Brown's Maxims for Men.* Chambers, 1s. net.
 Parker, B. and N. *Funny Bunnies.* Chambers, 3s. 6d. net.
 Outcault, R. F. *Buster Brown's Antics.* Chambers, 3s. 6d. net.
 Foxy Grandpa's *Frolics.* Chambers, 3s. 6d. net.
Good Queen Bess. Illustrated by John Hassall. David Nutt, n.p.
 Lemon, Mark. *The Enchanted Doll.* David Nutt, n.p.
 Finnemore, Emily Pearson. *The Ordeal of Susannah Vatham.* S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Kearton, Richard. *The Fairy Land of Living Things.* Cassell, 3s. 6d.
 Macdonald, Alexander. *In the Land of Pearl and Gold.* Blackie, 10s. 6d. net.
 Tilley, Arthur. *François Rabelais.* Lippincott, 6s. net.
Cambridge University Calendar, 1907-1908. Cambridge: Deighton Bell, 7s. 6d. net.
The Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. I. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Cambridge University Press, 9s. net.
Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt. Heinemann, 15s. net.

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